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XXX.

More of Hungary—From the Summit of the Great Rock—A Turkish Village—A Beautiful View—The Streets of Pesth—A Sunday in the Hungarian Capital—The Women—With Other Matters.

The most delightful of the many fine views in and around this quaint old City is from the summit of the Blocksburg,—the bold bluff rising precipitously from the river making a beautiful background to the splendid picture formed by the rapid rushing river, the imposing castle and palace and the odd-shaped houses lining the irregular streets that form old Buda.

PUBLIC BATHS.

The little steam ferry boats that ply across the river lands the passenger on the Buda shore at the foot of this great old bluff. On the long, handsome quay that stretches away on both sides, are two or three bath houses supplied by hot mineral water that flows from the hillside. These hot springs were known to the old Romans when they occupied this country. Often was a Roman Colony, Aquincum, and the capital of Lower Pannonia. Hundreds of years later, when all this part of the country fell into the hands of the Turks, the old Roman baths were much improved, and there is standing today no less than three bath houses at the foot of the Blocksburg that were used by the Turks, during the 144 years they had possession of the country there. These bath houses are in such good state of preservation that they are still used by the common people. One of them, probably the oldest of the three, is a great resort for the poorer classes, especially in Winter, when they spend hours at a time in the great circular basin that is filled with the hot mineral water. The room is close and not very inviting, but at any hour of the day, Sundays especially, there are hundreds of people of both sexes lounging there, more for the pleasure of the warmth than from any desire for cleanliness. The Hungarians are great bathers, and these old Turkish baths are full all the time, Summer and Winter.

It is somewhat startling to an American, Englishman or German to note the fact that both sexes bathe together, and that every possible facility for the grossest immorality is afforded at these establishments, owned and controlled by the City and under its management. However, one sees very many shocking things in Austria and Hungary. What would be considered the grossest immorality in any other country is accepted here as a matter of course, and nothing is thought of it.

EQUALOR'S LOWEST DEPTH.

Passing the bathing houses and turning sharply to the right there is a steep rough alley leading by a number of very old and very dirty houses which are occupied by the filthiest looking people one can well imagine. Another abrupt turn to the left, and you are instantly transported to a little oriental Town. The street, if it can be dignified by the name of street is so narrow that two good-sized men can scarcely pass. It is unpaved and ankle deep in mud,—the houses, on both sides, so near together that one can almost touch them both by stretching out his arms. They face in every direction but one, none of them looking out on on the street. They are low, one-story affairs, made of brick covered with plaster and then whitewashed. That is to say, they were whitewashed once on a time, but that was so long ago that the whiteness has all disappeared and they are as dirty and grimy as the mud that makes the street so nearly impassable. They are irregular in shape, some of them being triangular in form, others having no definite form at all. Here is one that has the roof cut off exactly where it would be supposed it was most needed; and right across the way is one whose roof is the main feature. The windows are stuck in anywhere, without regard to size, shape or appearance. Most of them were cut out after the building had been standing a few hundreds of years. Some of them have a pane of glass, but the majority are stuffed with old clothes, and an occasional hat is seen in some of the more pretentious ones. These houses are straggling along the street that ascends steeply up the hillside, of which Blocksburg is the summit. This is one of the oldest parts of the old Town, and the people who live there are as primitive as they were hundreds of years ago.

All the houses on these miserable alleys that twist and twine up the Blocksburg to its very summit were built by the Turks when they occupied the country, and have remained precisely as they left them. If there is anything more squalid, filthy and unnecessarily uncomfortable than these dwellings, or rather burrows, we have not found it yet. Dirt! The little earth there was seems to have been removed to make room for filth. It is said that there are little gardens within the enclosures, but no man with a nose could ever pass through the stench in front to reach them. However, people live in them, or rather exist, and as nothing was made in vain, there is doubtless some reason for it all.

The men are stupid-looking hulks, dressed in the most outrageous manner—an old torn shirt, a very shabby pair of tight-fitting leather breeches and high top boots, with a little cap at the summit making up their costumes. They are ignorant and lazy, and full of all the tricks of the Gypsies they so much resemble. The women are equally dirty, but there is natural beauty to be found among them, after you get through the dirt to it. The men are homely enough to frighten a dog, but occasionally there is seen a young girl or woman who is really comely.

COMELY WOMEN.

Their eyes are invariably fine, and they are large and well shaped. If the expression only had some gleam of intelligence they would be actually beautiful. Their teeth are all remarkably fine. Small, regular and exceedingly white, they shine like pearls between the full red lips that encircle them. Their dress is very odd, the bodice being fantastically embroidered with glaring braid of different colors, each more pronounced than the other. Below this is an enormous dress that springs from their hips till they resemble a barrel. The skirts reach only to a trifle below the knees, and in Winter the lower portion of their limbs are protected from the cold by great boots large enough for the largest man, while in Summer they dispense entirely with shoes and stockings. They do all the work about the house, and during the day earn a few kreutzers along the docks by carrying packages, sawing wood or carrying coal. They are a tough, hardy set of people, who seem to rather enjoy the misery and squalor with which they are surrounded.

Through this squalid part of the Town is a five minutes' walk, and then the miserable hovels with the offensive odors are left behind, and the streets or alleys merge into a path that goes zigzaging up the side of the hill, each minute showing a new and more beautiful view.

A MAGNIFICENT LANDSCAPE.

Half way up the high hill the panorama begins to unfold itself, and each succeeding step makes it better. Below is the river rushing along between the great stone quarries on either side, at the rate of seven miles an hour, and beyond the river lies the City of Pesth, spread out on all sides. Higher up a better view of the City is obtained, and the plain beyond can just be seen, but when the summit of the hill is reached the whole country for miles around on all sides is spread out like a great picture. Now the City lies far below and is so near that every street and every prominent building can be plainly seen. To the left lies the quaint, old-fashioned Buda, with its palace-crowned hill, flanked on all sides by gently swelling hills and beautiful valleys. On the right the Danube separates into two mighty streams that unite again further down on its way to the sea. On one side of the river is Pesth, with its quaint church spires, its huge buildings and its straight and crooked streets, and on the other is a vast plain, broken up here and there by pretty hills, on which are the vineyards that produce the most celebrated of Hungarian wine. It is in one of these valleys that are the springs from which come all the celebrated Hunyadi Janos mineral water. Way beyond the City is a plain of great extent, beyond which, faintly outlined against the blue sky is a low lying range of mountains. This is one of the most beautiful views in all Hungary, and is well worth the walk through the squalor of lower Buda, and the sharp climb up the steep hillside. The bold rugged hill is made more picturesque and interesting by the great fortress which crowns its highest point,—a fortress which in the olden times was considered of great importance, as it commanded all the approaches to Buda and Pesth both by land and water. Now it has fallen into a semi-ruinous state and is no longer used as a fortification. But it adds very much to the beauty of the scene, and is worth preserving for that reason.

Directly across from the Blocksburg on a hill several hundred feet above the river, is the palace occupied by the Royal family when they spend any time in Buda-Pesth. Around it is a strong wall built in the shape of a fortress, and within this wall is the royal palace and the palaces of the various dignitaries of the Hungarian Government. From the river level to the summit of the Castle hill there has lately been placed in operation an inclined plane railway operated by means of an endless chain. There are also numerous long flights of steps by which foot passengers can ascend and descend.

These flights of steps were the scene of a bloody conflict during the troublous times in 1849, and after one battle between the Imperialists and Revolutionists, over 700 dead bodies were taken from one of them.

The Palace is a magnificent building, both inside and out. It is a very imposing edifice, and standing as it does on the summit of a high hill, its beautiful columns, arches and decorations seem even more beautiful then they really are. It was built in the reign of Charles VI, but was nearly destroyed in 1849 when the Revolutionists bombarded it from the fortress of the Blocksburg, just across the little ravine. All the damage done has been long since repaired, and it is now even more magnificent than ever.

Below this elegant structure a very sharp contrast is presented by the low one-storied houses that line the frightfully bad streets. It is the same old story. Royalty blazes forth with all possible luxury and splendor, and right below it is everything that is mean and squalid. The streets of Buda are as a rule very narrow and very badly kept. There has been some attempt made in certain portions of the place to pave the streets, but it has been so badly done that it might as well have been left undone. In the Fall and Spring it is no uncommon thing to see a wagon loaded, break through the pavement and sink up to the hub into the mud that lies underneath, over which the so-called pavement forms a very thin coating. Away from the heart of the town the streets are as they were in the olden times, and so muddy and bad that it is next to impossible to traverse them.

PESTH AND BUDA.

On the other side of the river, in Pesth, it is much better. The authorities have made up their minds evidently to devote all their energies to the improvement of Pesth, letting Buda, which, as it contains the Royal Palace, ought, it would seem, to be at least decently cared for, to take care of itself. Within the last 14 years Pesth has made wonderful strides forward in every way. Previous to that time it was only another Buda, in fact Buda was a trifle better. But when the good times of '68 came all this was changed and to-day a new Pesth occupies the site of the old dilapidated Village that struggled for an existence there before.

They have followed the example of Napoleon when he decided to make Paris the most beautiful City in the world. They bought up whole tracts of land occupied by tumble-down old shanties and built splendid boulevards through them. There is one street in Pesth, over two miles long, that is as fine a thoroughfare as any in Paris, which nine years ago was the most squalid part of the City. They have torn down what were formerly considered fine buildings, and in their stead have put up structures of the very latest architectural designs, buildings that would be an ornament to any City. It is very queer, however, to walk through the quarters where the work has not been entirely finished, and unfortunately these quarters abound everywhere. You will see a wonderfully fine street with a few large elegant buildings, looking down upon a number of those that were built hundreds of years ago, before the good people of Pesth had any idea of making anything like a beautiful City of their little Town on the Danube. They have gone to work in earnest, and in course of time will have a perfect gem of a place. It is true that they have gone frightfully into debt, and that their credit is almost exhausted, but that does not matter. What they want is to have a fine City, and a fine City is what they are going to have, if they are obliged to repudiate all their obligations.

Among the many new streets that have been laid out and improved there is one that is nearly finished, and a most beautiful street it is. It begins in what was formerly the lowest, meanest part of the City, and runs straight out for nearly two miles. All the old squalid houses were torn down and in their places was made this elegant boulevard, which is very wide and very handsome. On one side is a wide sidewalk for pedestrians. Then comes the great broad asphalt pavement for carriages, next to this is another pavement which is divided into two parts by a wide, tree-lined path for horsemen. For a long distance this street is lined on both sides by great buildings of stone most elaborately ornamented. The lower stories are devoted to stores and above are suits of rooms for families. These houses are built in the block style, and come flush with the sidewalk. Farther out the style changes, and while the block system still prevails, they are built back from the street, giving each block a little flower plat in front. This style extends perhaps half a mile farther, and then the street widens again, and the American style is adopted. All the houses—they are magnificent residences of the villa style—are detached, and each one is surrounded by a beautiful lawn, in which are flower beds and gravelly walks, arbors and fine shrubbery. They sit well back from the street, and very much resemble the famous Euclid avenue in Cleveland. These residences are the property of Counts and richer merchants of Pesth, and the houses are of exquisite design and the grounds surrounding them are laid out in the most beautiful manner imaginable.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCES.

Sunday is one of the best days in all the week to spend in Pesth, for then, better than any other time, all the beauty of the place can be seen to its best advantage. Despite all its other defects there is one thing that can not be denied, and that is that Pesth has the most beautiful women that can be found anywhere, and there are more of them in proportion than in any other City on the Continent. Sunday morning, between 12 and 1 o'clock, just after church, it is the correct thing for ladies to walk up and down the Waltzner-gasse, the short street where all the finest retail stores in Pesth are located. At this hour the throng is so great that carriages are not allowed to pass through, and the whole street from house to house, even the smooth asphalt pavement, is crowded with pedestrians taking their morning air.

Here are seen people of all classes, even the finest families of the City are there, if only for a few minutes. During this one hour there can be seen more beautiful women than in any other one place that can be mentioned.

PESTH LADIES.

The Pesth ladies are remarkable in another thing. They do not object to being stared at. If you are particularly struck by an exceptionally fine face or figure, and look long and admiringly at it, the possessor of it returns your look quite complacently, as though she knew that she was beautiful and admired your taste in discovering how beautiful she is.

Most of the women of Pesth are of a modified Oriental type. They have magnificent figures, neither too large nor too small, their faces are oval, hair long and very fine, and their eyes large, liquid and wonderfully expressive. They dress in perfect taste, although there is a fondness for color that could not be attempted in any other country. Their feet and hands are very small, and of perfect shape, and the fine complexions and pearly teeth form two not unimportant parts of the general effect. Their complexions are of that peachy color that poets rave about, but which are very seldom seen in real life. Such things as rouge and powder are entirely unknown. The ladies in Hungary do not need these two accessories to the toilet. Nature has provided them with all the delicate coloring they need.

After this promenade for an hour on the Waltzner-gasse, the promenaders go home to dinner, where, it is to be presumed, they discuss the people they have met, the gentlemen to compliment the ladies on their fine appearance, and the ladies to criticize the dresses worn by their friends. Then after dinner they adjourn to the cafes, where they sit and sip black coffee, glance over the papers and gossip to their heart's content. The Hungarians are as much addicted to coffee-houses as the Austrians, and as a rule they go oftener and stay longer.

THE AFTERNOON PROMENADE.

By five o'clock in the afternoon the cafes are comparatively empty, and the whole City meets on the Radial Strasse, the beautiful new boulevard just spoken of. From five o'clock until after seven this wide thoroughfare is literally packed with people, on foot, horseback and in carriages. There are some wonderful equipages shown. Hungary is celebrated for her fine horses, and on the Radial Strasse on a sunday afternoon the best teams in the City are driven. Some of the turnouts, especially those of the nobles, are gorgeous to a degree. The horses are magnificent creatures, beautiful as a picture; the harness glistens with gold and silver ornaments, the carriages are of the most elegant design and the servants, well they are something remarkable. Most of them are arrayed in the ancient costumes of the Hungarians, gold lace, feathered caps, high top boots and all. There is a profusion of the richest and costliest kind of furs and robes, the toilets of the ladies are elaborate to a degree, and the whole turnout compels the most sincere admiration, although every one knows that the owners of it are in debt, most hopelessly in debt. But your average Hungarian, noblemen especially, doesn't let a little thing like that bother him in the slightest. So long as he has anything at all, or so long as it is possible to get anything at all, that must be of the very best. There must be no limit either as to quantity or quality. When the end comes, when the to-morrow finally arrives, there will be time enough to make wry faces but so long as it is today he never thinks of that to-morrow.

In this walk of two miles you will see every kind of people that are to be found in all Hungary. There are the genuine Hungarians, there are Sclavs, there are Croatians, Bulgarians, in fact every type of people resident in this section of the country. They are dressed in the style of their different Provinces, although the great majority of them are citizens of Pesth, and they take the mode in the City which of course is the same as it is Vienna. Although it must be acknowledged that the Vienna ladies must yield the palm to their sisters in little Pesth in the matter of wearing fine clothes. The Pesth woman has a perfect figure and she knows how to dress that figure so as to produce the best possible effect. For over two hours this stream of humanity flows up and down this handsome street, and then the coffee houses get their share, the restaurants fill up, and the evening is spent at concert, opera or theater.

The Door was Shut.

San Francisco Post.

Stage drivers among the Rockies and Sierras learn to be as peremptory as they are daring, and probably from the same necessity. They will have their orders obeyed. We passengers were exceedingly annoyed by the persistence with which young Foss (the driver) demanded that the stage doors be kept closed, particularly when their being opened caused the appreciable circulation of air.

Just as we were rounding a particularly narrow turn in the face of the cliff, Foss noticed that the inside door was again being held ajar. Promptly putting on the brakes and bringing his horses to a halt, he descended.

"Do you see that rock?" he said, pointing to a huge bowlder ahead that barely left room for the stage to pass.

"What of it?"

"Only this: Last season a stage was passing that rock, when somebody opened the door. The door caught on the rock, and as it opened further, just pried the whole business over the cliff. That little speck way down there is one of the hind wheels caught on a tree. Now will you keep that door shut?"

It took half an hour to get that door opened when we got to Calistoga, every individual on board having separately tied it shut with his handkerchief.

A Father Broken-Hearted.

Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

Miss Lillie Wall, of Irwin County, was dangerously ill for several days, and the doctors quietly informed her father, Mr. Jasper Wall, that his daughter could not possibly live. Going to her bedside, and viewing her sadly, the father said: "My darling child, you are obliged to die, but I only hope that I may die first." Shortly after he went into convulsions and was soon dead, followed three hours later by the death of his daughter.

For the Blade.

MARY.

BY MOSE ROSE.

CANTO 3D—(CONTINUED.)

"What of the field? what of the foe!
O, am I bound, or am I free?
So much, so much, I fain would know,"
The boat was on the open sea.

We saw the night's weird fingers fold
The shroud about the silent day;
The singing stars, in path of gold,
Start forward on their vaulted way.

"Have I from human life been hurled?
What sin of mine was unatoned,
That I should reach so strange a world?"
In anguish and in doubt he moaned.

And from a wound that gave him pain
He heard the fall of dropping blood;
He called aloud, but called in vain,
The boat still drifted on the flood.

He tried to raise his hand, his head;
All vain the effort, he was bound,
And then all hope the brave heart fled,
No help was near, the moaning sound

Of hollow winds, and trembling waves,
The silver stars, the far-off skies,
And dirges wild from ocean caves,
Were all that reached his ears, his eyes.

And then full consciousness came back,
With livid lips he whispered low,
"The foe, the foe was on my track,
The old, hereditary foe.

"I would have died as die the brave,
Where rain of steel pours on the line,
And I but hear the groaning wave,
The grumbling of the seething brine.

"And once I dreamed of lofty fame,
Fame won by brave and gallant deeds,
And I had hoped to win a name,
As names are won where duty leads.

"The dews of death are on my face,
Not this the death that I would die,
I would that I had found a place
Where low the slaughtered legions lie.

"Adieu ye laughing, vine-clad hills,
The home, the loved, in sunny France,
Ye smiling flowers, and singing rills,
I dream no more of spear and lance.

"Farewell, my friends, who loved me well,
Thru all the gay and happy past,
For me your tears of sorrow fell,
O, loved ones, when I saw you last.

"And there is none to tell my fate,
Or tidings take to you of me,
And you will mourn, and watch, and wait,
In vain my coming form to see.

"And, Mary, thou art dearer far,
Than home, and loves of others for years,
My own, my life's bright guiding star,
O, thou wilt learn of grief and tears.

"And, now, I am a cast away,
The cold, dark waves will stop my breath,
Yet we shall meet in realms of day,
For love will break the lands of death.

"Our love will live in other spheres,
Beyond the dark and murky tomb,
Where partings never come, nor tears,
Nor aught of sorrow, nor of gloom."

When morning came that cheek was white,
The marble brow was damp and chill,
He reached not of the rosy light,
The purple lips were sealed and still.

He breathed no more the loved one's name,
Forgotten was the forest dove,
The field of war, the deeds of fame,
The far-off home of light and love.

And he was fair in that still sleep,
As some stray piece of sculpture rare;
The artist's dream was on the deep
In that frail craft that drifted there.

And while they said that he had died,
And could not know where he had gone,
And Mary sought him 'midst the dead,
The fragile boat was drifting on.

So far from light, so far from hope,
With that still form, and none to free.
From all these double coils of rope,
No one was near to hear, or see.

A proud ship cleaves the waters blue,
But will they see that tiny speck?
That silent form so with marble hue,
The seamen on the far-off deck!

The dying can no signal give
The boat is sinking in the rim;
O, will they find, and bid him live?
O, will they see and rescue him?

They hollowed a grave for the honored dead,
And laid them away in the low, cold bed;
The footprints of war, the dark, telling stains,
Were all blotted out by the Summer rains.
Lost to the hills was the clarion blast,
And banner and tent were things of the past.
The Summer had come, with her crowny flowers,
The music and light that gladdened the hours,
And Autumn had fled with the misty breath,
And the varying hues that tell of death.
Nature was shrouded and laid in her tomb,
By frosty old Winter, with hand of gloom;
The foe was turned back to the far-off shore,
But Armand La Monde had returned no more.

THE THREE STRANGERS.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

[*Concluded.*]

The cinder-grey stranger paused, as if to consider whether he would accept that definition of himself. He presently rejected it by answering, "Rich is not quite the word for me, dame. I do work and I must work. And even if I only get to Casterbridge by midnight I must begin work there at 8 to-morrow morning. Yes, hot or wet, blow or snow, famine or sword, my day's work to-morrow must be done."

"Poor man! Then, in spite o' seeming, you be worse off than we!" replied the shepherd's wife.

"'Tis the nature of my trade, men and maidens. 'Tis the nature of my trade more than my poverty. But really and truly I must up and off, or I sha'n't get a lodging in the town." However, the speaker did not move, and directly added, "There's time for one more draught of friendship before I go; and I'd perform it at once if the mug were not dry."

"Here's a mug o' small," said Mrs. Fennel. "Small, we call it, though to be sure 'tis only the first wash o' the combs."

"No," said the stranger disdainfully. "I won't spoil your first gladness by partaking o' your second."

"Certainly not," broke in Fennel. "We don't increase and multiply every day, and I'll fill the mug again." He went away to the dark place under the stairs where the barrel stood. The shepherdess followed him.

"Why should you do this?" she said reproachfully, as soon as they were alone. "He's empted it once, though it held enough for ten people; and now he's not contented wi' the small, but must needs call for more o' the strong! And a stranger unbeknown to any of us. For my part I don't like the look o' the man at all."

"But he's in the house, my honey; and 'tis a wet night, and a christening. Daze it, what's a cup of mead more or less? there'll be plenty more next bee-burning."

"Very well—this time, then," she answered, looking wistfully at the barrel. "But what is the man's calling, and where is he one of, that he should come in and join us like this?"

"I don't know. I'll ask him again."

The catastrophe of having the mug drained dry at one pull by the stranger in cinder gray was effectually guarded against this time by Mrs. Fennel. She poured out his allowance in a small cup, keeping the large one at a discreet distance from him. When he had tossed off his portion the shepherd renewed his inquiry about the stranger's occupation.

The latter did not immediately reply, and the man in the chimney corner, with sudden demonstrativeness, said, "Anybody may know my trade—I'm a wheelwright."

"A very good trade for these parts," said the shepherd.

"And anybody may know mine—if they've the sense to find it out," said the stranger in cinder-gray.

"You may generally tell what a man is by his claws," observed the hedge-carpenter, looking at his hands. "My fingers be as full of thorns as an old pincushion is of pins."

The hands of the man in the chimney corner instinctively sought the shade, and he gazed into the fire as he resumed his pipe. The man at the table took up the hedge-carpenter's remark, and added smartly, "True, but the oddity of my trade is that, instead of setting a mark upon me it sets a mark upon my customers."

No observation being offered by any body in elucidation of this enigma, the shepherd's wife once more called for a song. The same obstacles presented themselves as at the former time—one had no voice, another had forgotten the first verse. The stranger at the table, whose soul had now risen to a good working temperature, relieved the difficulty by exclaiming that, to start the company, he would sing himself. Thrusting one thumb into the arm-hole of his waistcoat, he waved the other hand in the air, and, with an extemporizing gaze at the shining sheep-crooks above the mantel-piece, began:

Oh my trade it is the rarest one,
Simple shepherds all—
My trade is a sight to see;
For my customers I tie, and take them up high,
And waft 'em to a far countree.

The room was silent when he had finished the verse—with one exception, that of the man in the chimney-corner, who, at the singer's word, "Chorus!" joined him in a deep bass voice of musical relish—

And waft 'em to a far countree.

Oliver Giles, John Pitcher, the dairyman, the parish clerk, the engaged man of 50, the row of young women against the wall, seemed lost in thought not of the gayest kind. The shepherd looked meditatively on the ground, the shepherdess gazed keenly at the singer, and with some suspicion; she was doubting whether this stranger was merely singing an old song from recollection, or was composing one there and then for the occasion. All were as perplexed at the obscure revelation as the guests at Balshazzar's Feast, except the man in the chimney corner, who quietly said, "Second verse, stranger," and smoked on.

The singer thoroly moistened himself from his lips inwards, and went on with the next stanza, as requested:

My tools are but common ones,
Simple shepherds all,
My tools are no sight to see:
A little hempen string, and post whereon to swing,
Are implements enough for me.

Shepherd Fennel glanced round. There was no longer any doubt that the stranger was answering his question rhythmically. The guests one and all started back with suppressed exclamations. The young woman engaged to the man of fifty fainted half-way, and would have proceeded, but finding him wanting in alacrity for catching her, she sat down trembling.

"Oh, he's the ——!" whispered the people in the background, mentioning the name of an ominous public officer. "He's come to do it. 'Tis to be at Casterbridge jail to-morrow—the man for sheep-stealing—the poor clock maker we heard of, who used to live away at Anglebury and had no work to do—Timothy Summer, whose family were a-starving, and so he went out of Anglebury by the high-road, and took a sheep in open daylight, defying the farmer and the farmer's wife and the farmer's man, and every man—jack among 'em. He" (and they nodded towards the stranger with the terrible trade) "is come from up the country to do it because there's not enough to do in his own county-town, and he's got the place here, now our own county man's dead, he's going to live in the same cottage under the prison wall."

The stranger in cinder gray took no notice of this whispered string of observations, but again wetted his lips. Seeing that his friend in the chimney-corner was the only one who reciprocated his joviality in any way, he held out his cup towards that appreciative comrade, who also held out his own. They clinked together, the eyes of the rest of the room hanging upon the singer's actions. He parted his lips for the third verse, but at that moment another knock was audible upon the door. This time the knock was faint and hesitating.

The company seemed scared; the shepherd looked with consternation towards the entrance, and it was with some effort that he resisted his alarmed wife's deprecatory glance, and uttered for the third time the welcoming words, "Walk in!"

The door was gently opened, and another man stood upon the mat. He, like those who had preceded him was a stranger. This time it was a short, small personage, of fair complexion, and dressed in a decent suit of dark clothes.

"Can you tell me the way to ——?" he began; when, gazing round the room to observe the nature of the company amongst whom he had fallen, his eyes lighted on the stranger in cinder-gray. It was just at this instant when the latter, who had thrown his mind into his song with such a will that he scarcely heeded the interruption, silenced all whispers and inquiries by bursting into his third verse:

To-morrow is my working day,
Simple shepherds all—
To-morrow is a working day for me
For the farmer's sheep is slain, and the lad who did it is en,
And on his soul may God ha' mercy!

The stranger in the chimney-corner, waving cups with the singer so heartily that his mead splashed over on the hearth, repeated in his bass voice as before:

And on his soul may God ha' mercy.

All this time the third stranger had been standing in the doorway. Finding now that he did not come forward or go on speaking, the guests particularly regarded him. They noticed to their surprise that he stood before them the picture of abject terror—his knees trembling, his hands shaking so violently that the doorlatch by which he supported himself rattled audibly; his white lips were parted, and his eyes fixed on the merry officer of justice in the middle of the room. A moment more and he had turned, closed the door, and fled.

"What a man can it be?" said the shepherd.

The rest, between the awfulness of their late discovery and the odd conduct of this third visitor, looked as if they knew not what to think, and said nothing. Instinctively they withdrew further and further from the grim gentleman in their midst, whom some of them seemed to take for the Prince of Darkness himself, till they formed a remote circle, an empty space of floor being left between them and him—

—circulus, cujus centrum diabolus.

The room was so silent—though there were more than 20 people in it—that nothing could be heard but the patter of the rain against the window shutters, accompanied by the occasional hiss of a stray drop that fell down the chimney into the fire, and the steady puffing of the man in the corner, who had now resumed his pipe of long clay.

The stillness was unexpectedly broken. The distant sound of a gun reverberated through the air—apparently from the direction of the County town.

"Be jiggered!" cried the stranger who had sung the song, jumping up.

"What does that mean?" asked several.

"A prisoner escaped from the jail—that's what it means."

All listened. The sound was repeated, and none of them spoke but the man in the chimney corner, who said quietly, "I've often been told that in this County they fire a gun at such times; but I never heard it till now."

"I wonder if it is *my* man?" murmured the personage in cinder gray.

"Surely it is!" said the shepherd involuntarily. "And surely we've seen him! That little man who looked in at the door by now, and quivered like a leaf when he see'd ye and heard your song!"

"His teeth chattered, and the breath went out of his body," said the dairyman.

"And his heart seemed to sink within him like a stone," said Oliver Giles.

"And he bolted as if he'd been shot at," said the hedge-carpenter.

"True—his teeth chattered, and his heart seemed to sink; and he bolted as if he'd been shot at," slowly summed up the man in the chimney-corner.

"I didn't notice it," remarked the grim songster.

"We were all a-wondering what made him run off in such a fright," faltered one of the women against the wall, "and now it is explained."

The firing of the alarm gun went on at intervals, low and sullenly, and their suspicions became a certainty. The sinister gentleman in cinder-gray roused himself.

"Is there a constable here?" he asked in thick tones. "If so, let him step forward."

The engaged man of 50 stepped quavering out of a corner, his betrothed beginning to sob on the back of a chair.

"You are a sworn Constable?"

"I be, sir."

"Then pursue the criminal at once, with assistance, and bring him back here. He can't have gone far."

"I will, sir, I will—when I've got my staff. I'll go home and get it, and come sharp here, and start in a body."

"Staff!—never mind your staff; the man'll be gone!"

"But I can't do nothing without my staff—can I, William, and John, and Charles, and Jake? No; for there's the King's royal crown a painted on en in yaller and gold, and the lion and the unicorn, so as when I raise en up and hit my prisoner, 'tis made a lawful blow thereby. I would n't tempt to take up a man without my staff—no, not I. If I hadn't the law to gie me courage, why, instead o' my taking up him, he might take me up!"

"Now, I'm a king's man myself, and can give you authority enough for this," said the formidable person in cinder-gray. "Now, then, all of you, be ready. Have ye any lanterns?"

"Yes—have ye any lanterns—I demand it," said the constable.

"And the rest of you able-bodied—"

"Able-bodied men—yes—the rest of ye," said the constable.

"Have you some good stout staves and pitchforks—"

"Staves and pitchforks—in the name o' the law. And take 'em in yer hands and go in quest, and do as we in authority tell ye."

Thus aroused, the men prepared to give chase. The evidence was, indeed, though circumstantial, so convincing, that but little argument was needed to show the shepherd's guests that after what they had seen it would look very much like connivance if they did not instantly pursue the unhappy third stranger, who could not as yet have gone more than a few hundred yards over such uneven country.

A shepherd is always well provided with lanterns; and, lighting these hastily, and with hurdle-staves in their hands, they poured out of the door, taking a direction along the crest of the hill, away from the town, the rain having fortunately a little abated.

Disturbed by the noise, or possibly by unpleasant dreams of her baptism, the child who had been christened began to cry heartbrokenly in the room overhead. These notes of grief came down through the chinks of the floor to the ears of the women below, who jumped up one by one, and seemed glad of the excuse to ascend and comfort the baby, for the incidents of the last half hour greatly oppressed them. Thus in the space of two or three minutes the room on the ground floor was deserted quite.

But it was not for long. Hardly had the sound of footsteps died away when a man returned around a corner of the house from the direction the pursuers had taken. Peeping in at the door, and seeing nobody there, he entered leisurely. It was the stranger of the chimney-corner, who had gone out with the rest. The motive of his return was shown by his helping himself to a cut piece of skimmer cake which lay on a ledge beside where he had sat, and which he had apparently forgotten to take with him. He also poured out half a cup more mead from the quantity that remained, ravenously eating and drinking these as he stood. He had not finished when another figure came in just as quietly—the stranger in cinder-gray.

"Oh—you here?" said the latter smiling. "I thought you had gone to help in the capture." And this speaker also revealed the object of his return by looking solicitously round for the fascinating mug of old mead.

"And I thought you had gone," said the other, continuing his skimmer-cake with some effort.

"Well, on second thoughts, I felt there were enough without me," said the first confidentially, "and such a night as it is, too. Besides, 'tis the business o' the Government to take care of its criminals—not mine."

"True; so it is. And I felt as you did, that there were enough without me."

"I don't want to break my limbs running over the humps and hollows of this wild country."

"Nor I, neither, between you and me."

"These shepherd people are used to it—simple-minded souls, you know, stirred up to anything in a moment. They'll have him ready for me before the morning, and no trouble to me at all."

"They'll have him, and we shall have saved ourselves all labor in the matter."

"True, true. Well, my way is to Casterbridge; and 'tis as much as my legs will do to take me that far. Going the same way?"

"No, I am sorry to say. I have to get home over there" (he nodded indefinitely to the right), "and I feel as you do, that it is quite enough for my legs to do before bedtime."

The other had by this time finished the mead in the mug, after which, shaking hands at the door, and wishing each other well, they went their several ways.

In the meantime the company of pursuers had reached the end of the hog's-back elevation which dominated this part of the coomb. They had decided on no particular plan of action, and finding that the man of the baleful trade was no longer in their company, they seemed quite unable to form any such plan now. They descended in all directions down and hill, and straightway several of the party fell into the snare set by Nature for all misguided midnight ramblers over the lower cretaceous formation. The "flynchets," or flint stones, which belted the escarpments at intervals of a dozen yards, took the less cautious ones unawares, and loosing their footing on the rubbly steep they slid sharply downwards, the lanterns rolling from their hands to the bottom, and there lying on their sides till the horn was scorched through.

When they had again gathered themselves together, the shepherd, as the man who knew the country best, took the lead and guided them round the treacherous inclines. The lanterns, which seemed rather to dazzle their eyes and warn the fugitive than to assist them in the exploration, were extinguished, due silence was observed; and in this more rational order they plunged into the vale. It was a grassy, briary, moist channel, affording some shelter to any person who had sought it; but the party perambulated it in vain, and ascended on the other side. Here they wandered apart, and after an interval closed together again to report progress. At the second time of closing in they found themselves near a lonely oak, the single tree on this part of the upland, probably sown there by a passing bird some hundred years before. And here, standing a little to one side of the trunk, as motionless as the trunk itself, appeared the man they were in quest of, his outline being well defined against the sky beyond. The band noiselessly drew up and faced him.

"Your money or your life!" said the constable firmly to the still figure.

"No, no," whispered John Pitcher. "'Tisn't our side ought to say that. That's the doctrine of vagabonds like him, and we be on the side of law."

"Well, well," replied the constable impatiently; "I must say something, mustn't I? and if you had all the weight of this undertaking upon your mind, perhaps you'd say the wrong thing too. Prisoner at the bar, surrender, in the name of the Father——the Crown I mane!"

The man under the tree seemed now to notice them for the first time, and, giving them no opportunity whatever for exhibiting their courage, he strolled slowly towards them. He was, indeed, the little man, the third stranger; but his trepidation had in a great measure gone.

Well, travelers," he said, "did I hear ye speak to me?"

"You did; you've got to come and be our prisoner at once," said the constable. "We arrest ye on the charge of not biding in Casterbridge jail in a decent and proper manner to be hung to-morrow morning. Neighbors, do your duty and seize the culprit!"

On hearing the charge, the man seemed enlightened, and, saying not another word, resigned himself with preternatural civility to the search party, who, with their staves in their hands, surrounded him on all sides, and marched him back towards the shepherd's cottage.

It was 11 o'clock by the time they arrived. The light shining from the open door, a sound of men's voices within, proclaimed to them as they approached the house that some new events had arisen in their absence. On entering they discovered the shepherd's living-room to be invaded by two officers from Casterbridge jail, and a well-known magistrate who lived at the nearest country seat, intelligence of the escape having become generally circulated.

"Gentlemen," said the Constable, "I have brought back your man—not without risk and danger; but every one must do his duty. He is inside this circle of able-bodied persons, who have lent me useful aid, considering their ignorance of crown work. Men, bring forward your prisoner." And the third stranger was led to the light.

"Who is this?" said one of the officials.

"The man," said the Constable.

"Certainly not," said the other turnkey; and the first corroborated his statement.

"But how can it be otherwise?" asked the Constable. "Or why was he so terrified at sight o' the singing instrument of the law?" He he related the strange behavior of the third stranger on entering the house.

"Can't understand it," said the officer coolly. "All I know is that it is not the condemned man. He's quite a gauntish fellow, with dark hair and eyes, rather goodlooking, and with a musical bass voice that if you heard it once you'd never mistake as long as you lived."

"Why, souls—'twas the man in the chimney-corner!"

"Hey—what?" said the magistrate, coming forward after inquiring particulars from the shepherd in the background. "Haven't you got the man after all?"

"Well, sir," said the constable, "he's the man we were in search of, that's true; and yet he's not the man we were in search of. For the man we were in search of was not the man we wanted, sir, if you understand my everyday way; for 'twas the man in the chimney corner," said the magistrate. "A pretty kettle of fish altogether!" said the magistrate. "You had better start for the other man at once."

The prisoner now spoke for the first time. The mention of the man in the chimney-corner seemed to have moved him as nothing else could do. "Sir," he said, stepping forward to the Magistrate, "take no more trouble about me. The time is come when I may as well speak. I have done nothing; my crime is that the condemned man is my brother. Early this afternoon I left home at Anglebury to tramp it all the way to Casterbridge jail to bid him farewell. I was benighted and called here to rest and ask the way. When I opened the door I saw before me the very man, my brother, that I thought to see in the condemned cell at Casterbridge. He was in this chimney-corner, and jammed close to him, so that he could not have got out if he had tried, was the executioner who'd come to take his life, singing a song about it and not knowing that it was his victim who was close by, joining in to save appearances. My brother looked a glance of agony at me, and I knew he meant, "Don't reveal what you see—my life depends on it." I was so terror struck that I could hardly stand, and, not knowing what I did, I turned and hurried away."

The narrator's manner and tone had the stamp of truth, and his story made a great impression on all around.

"And do you know where your brother is at the present time?" asked the magistrate.

"I do not. I have never seen him since I closed this door."

"I can testify to that, for we've been between ye ever since," said the constable.

"Where does he think to fly to?—what is his occupation?"

"He's a watch-and-clock-maker, sir."

"A said 'a was a wheelwright—a wicked rogue," said the constable.

"The wheel 'o clocks and watches he meant, no doubt," said Shepherd Fennel. "I thought his hands were palish for a trade."

"Well, it appears to me that nothing can be gained by retaining this poor man in custody," said the magistrate;

THE WEEKLY BLADE

TOLEDO BLADE COMPANY, Publishers.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, April 12.

BOOKS! BOOKS!

It has been the Custom of the BLADE every Winter to offer a list of good standard books at very low prices, post-paid by mail. This season we have a large stock of miscellaneous books, which we have not space to enumerate by title.

The greatest bargain we have to offer for a single book, is "Bible Biography." (A full description advertised elsewhere.) This is a $3.00 subscription book, finely illustrated, containing some 600 pages, and which we mail post-paid for $1.25. An elegant book for a Christmas present.

Poems.—We have a large lot of standard Poems, such as Cowper, Rogers, Milton, Moore, etc., which we will send postpaid by mail at 60 cents. Retail price, $1.50. Upon receipt of 60 cents we will mail a copy of Standard Poems, although we will not guarantee to mail the title requested. We will send the title ordered if we have it, otherwise we will substitute another author Merely remit 60 cts. for copy of Standard Poems.

Cloth-bound Novels.—Our stock of titles is so numerous that we cannot name them, but on receipt of 50 cents for a cloth-bound novel, we will mail postpaid a copy that cannot help but give satisfaction, as the regular retail price of such as we have run from $1.75 to $2.00 per copy.

Nasby Pamphlets.—We have many inquiries for the popular pamphlets of Nasby. We have on hand a few copies of "Nasby as a Banker" and "Democratic John Bunyan." Price, 10 cents each, postpaid.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Central Park is lively with robins. Sea birds fly to the lakes and aqueducts for food.

The Crow Indians have become civilized enough to bale up rocks with their hay.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Fools live long. They are exempt from insanity, softening of the brain, brain fever and many other diseases that take off useful people.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Seth Green's condition has not improved. Insomnia is now the worst feature in his case, as he is quite exhausted and restless. His physicians, however, think he will recover.

"Is the howling of a dog always followed by death?" asked a little girl of her father. "Not always, my dear; sometimes the man that shoots at the dog misses him," was the parent's reply.

There are not a few Chicago people who are enthusiastic concerning the proposed crematory. The process only requires one hour's time, and there is only left a handful of pure white ash.

A clergyman was induced to visit a theater one night by the report that a revival was going on there, but was disgusted to find that it was only a revival of the "Black Crook."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Mr. Corcoran, the Washington philanthropist, wants to see a Democratic President before he dies. Mr. Corcoran has quite a taste for curiosities, but it is doubtful if he has the pleasure of adding this one to his collection.

A man in Warren County, Ky., climbed a tree to shake down an opossum that his dogs had treed. The limb proved rotten, and Smith came down so rapidly that the dogs did not discover their error until they had nearly killed him.

Two friends met Sunday morning as one emerged out of a drug store. "Hello, Charlie, out for your morning dram?" "Well, no; not exactly. But I have no scruples about telling you that I am out for my morning dose."—*Lowell Citizen.*

The citizens of Princeton, Ky., are greatly agitated over showers of some strange substance resembling sulphur falling every few nights. Some think it is the beginning of the end, and the religious revivals are prospering wonderfully on account of it.

An Iowa man went to a doctor and inquired the reason he and a number of his neighbors got up with the headache every morning except Monday. When the doctor asked him if the village saloon was open on Sunday, he smiled and walked out.

"My hearers," began the lecturer, "I trust—" Before he could proceed further, a baker of voices shouted, "We'll trade with you, mister; we'll trade with you. Never you fear for that." The ignorant citizens thought he was going to open a grocery in town, and that he had risen to announce the fact.

The other day a colored soldier attempted to commit suicide at Fort Elliott. Under the 63d article of war, which provides that a soldier may be punished for making himself ill in order to escape the performance of duty, he was sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for three months, with loss of pay.

The losses by fire in the United States during the past two months reached $17,000,000. And yet the villainous-looking burn of the neighbor across the way, which faces our sitting-room window, still stands up in all its dingy wretchedness, unpainted, unmourned and unburned. Maybe its unsightliness is what saves it.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A New Jersey man wrote to the Postmaster of New York City as follows: "Would you accommodate me by sending me the name of all the —— family which is on record at the Postoffice or in city Directory. I am very anxious to find out about my Posterity, which I have been absent from and parents had no record of for Twenty-eight years."

The last French Legislature passed a very stringent law for the protection of small birds. It provides that a half hour every week or month is to be devoted in every school throughout the country to instructing and warning the pupils of the new law, and to make them acquainted with the kind of birds which are injurious to the crops, such as the crow, magpie, etc., which they are encouraged to destroy.

A Swede once laid a wager that he would go down one of the almost perpendicular inclines in a Lake Superior iron mine, face foremost, with a can of nitro-glycerine in his hand. Not only did he do it, but a crowd of his fellow miners gathered to witness the feat, although one false step would have been certain death to the reckless fellow, and half the lookers on might also have been killed.

The chief of a Nevada band of Piute Indians has hit upon a happy way of restoring to sobriety, and at the same time punishing, the members of the band who get under the influence of fire-water. He causes them to be lowered into an abandoned mining shaft 40 feet deep, and keeps them there, feeling them on bread and water until they are perfectly sober and willing to promise to abstain in the future. The cure has been found very effectual.

A bankrupt's lot is not a happy, happy one in China. The broker of a firm in Shanghai which has recently suspended payment, was set upon in the street by creditors of the firm, beaten, and hung up by his cue to the soles feet swaying clear of the ground. Having been discovered by the police in that painful situation, he was taken for protection to the police station, followed by the creditors, who declared that if he fell again into their hands they would bite him to death and eat him afterward.

The theory that photographs cannot be taken at night was upset the other day when a thief was marched up to the bar in a Justice's Court. Justice—"What is the charge?" Officer—"Stealing." Judge—"Stealing what?" Officer—"Stealing photographs." Judge—"When did he steal them?" Officer—"Last night, yer honor." Judge—"I will discharge the prisoner, for I know that thousands of dollars have been wasted in the attempt to discover a process whereby pictures could be taken at night. The prisoner may go."—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

Two "commercial tourists" met in the depot the other day. "Hello, Charley!" says No. 1, "haven't seen you in an age. What are you doing now?" "Oh! I'm the same old line," responded No. 2. "With the same old house?" "Yes, same old concern, but situated a little different." "How is that?" "Well, I've got an interest." "Is that so? How long there?" "Since the first of the month." "Let me congratulate you." "Yes, the old man told me I'd get it take an interest in the business this year or quit. So I took an interest."—*Exchange.*

Dr. Kenrow, the hermit of Arizona, lives on Rucker River. In the rear of his small but staunch cabin is an opening, carelessly covered by some empty gunny sacks, leading into a secret passage 120 feet long, arched with stones, enlarged to a considerable chamber in the center, which represents years of hard work by the owner. He had arranged a keg of gunpowder, with a fuse ready to be lighted, so that in case his enemies discovered his retreat he could blow them and himself to pieces. The foes are imaginary, of course, but he thoroughly believes in their existence, though sane on all other matters.

For the Blade.

THE PEOPLE OF THE PEN.

BY J. N. MATTHEWS.

O, the people of the pen,
The people of the pen,—
The brightest of our women,
And the bravest of our men!
On the picket lines of progress,
They are keeping watch and ward,
Where the reaper swings the sickle,
And the soldier wields the sword;
Their snowy scrolls are fluttering,
Like doves, around the globe,—
They're folding all the lands of God
Within one starry robe;
On all the bleak and sunless hills
They build the beacon-fires,
And set the danger-signals out
On all the tallest spires;
The fiery-footed coursers
Of the lightning they have caught,
And made them message-bearers
In the parliament of thought;
They're a mighty army moving,
And they master thousands ten,
And pull the world behind them,
The people of the pen.

O the people of the pen,
The people of the pen!
Wherever human foot has trod,
Some strolling scribe has been;
You'll find them in the frigid North,
Beyond the lone "Jeannette,"—
In the desert lands of Siber,
Where the cheerless exiles fret;
You'll find them on the Congo,
You'll meet them on the Nile,
You'll hear them in the jungle
Of the snake and crocodile;
They slumber with the Bedouin,
They sip the sunny wine
Upon the Guadalquiver,
And along the banks of Rhine;
The Argonauts of every clime,
They wander far and free,
They scale the widest mountain,
And they sail the widest sea;
The pilgrims of Bohemia,
There's naught escapes their ken,—
The painters of the universe,
The people of the pen.

O, the people of the pen,
The people of the pen!
They're toiling in the palace,
And the poor man's den,
They tell us of the glory
Of the times long past,
Of the splendors of antiquity
Too marvelous to last;
In the looms of their genius
They are weaving, day and night,
The visions of the dreamers
Into pages black and white;
Into golden blocks of wisdom
They are chiseling their hearts,
And we buy their very life-blood,
For a penny, in the marts;
They are scholars, ripe and ready,
They are poets, blithe and young,
Whose happy fancies tinkle
Into music on the tongue;
They carol like the mock-bird,
They twitter like the wren,
And the world is in the fingers
Of the people of the pen.

FOR THE LADIES.

A girl baby, whose hair, at birth, reached below her waist, is the latest Mormon freak of nature.

Somebody says "ballet girls are not so bad as they are painted." We hope not. They are painted frightfully.

"Dwo vos shoost enough, budt dree was too blendy," remarked Hans, when his girl asked him to take her mother along with him to the dance.

A woman who was married recently in New York changed only one letter of her name on account of the ceremony. Her name was Dr. Frances M. Dye, and she married Dr. Francis M. Dye.

One of the characters of the country round about Carson, Nev., is Miss Helen T. Loveless, "the noted female cow-boy." She has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for stealing cattle on the plains of Paradise.

Miss Linda Gilbert is now endeavoring to secure additional educational facilities and other reforms in the prisons of Baltimore and Washington. In May she will sail for England and devote the Summer to efforts in behalf of prison reform there.

"Is Miss Blank at home?" asked a faultlessly-attired bore of the new girl. The girl took from her pocket a photograph, carefully scanned it, and after another look at the features of the visitor, answered: "No, sor; she has gone to Europe." He left.

2 lovers sat beneath the shade,
And I and the other said:
"How will it be that you to-day
Have smiled upon this suit of mine;
If 'tis heart, it palps 4 you—
Thy voice is music melody—
"Is 7 heaven to be thy loved 1, 2—
Say (q nymph, will marry me?"
Then lisped she soft, "Why 18y."
—*Times-Democrat.*

The Empress of Russia never wears any fur but sable; the Empress of Austro-Hungary confines herself to astrakhan; her daughter-in-law, Prince Rudolph's wife, will have nothing but otter; the Queen of Holland wears only marten; the Queen of Roumania, chinchilla, and the Queen of Spain, beaver. Sealskin appears to be scorned of royalty.

Mrs. M. A. Crabtree has written a letter to a St. Louis theatrical manager announcing that her daughter Lotta (Mignon Crabtree) is going to leave the stage for two years for the purpose of visiting Europe in search of expert medical treatment, in hopes that she may recover her singing voice. If this can be accomplished she will return to the American stage. If not, Lotta will be lost to the public forever.

An officer of the Second Battalion, East Middlesex Regiment, has forwarded from Burmah to England portraits of the hairy woman of Mandalay and her son. The King of Burmah, writes the officer, pays one of his subjects 500 rupees a month for having married the woman, whose species he wishes to have propagated, and the children of this worthy couple are alternately natural and hairy.

A School of Pharmacy for Women, said to be the only institution of the kind in the country, has been organized in Louisville, Ky., under conditions which are thought to be favorable to its success. The projected course of study covers two years, each year being divided into two terms, beginning September 1 and February 15, and continuing 20 weeks each. The prospectus dwells on the peculiar qualifications of woman for the work of the apothecary shop and its peculiar attractions for her.

If a woman elopes in England, taking any of her husband's property, she is likely to be arrested under the provisions of the married Women's Property Act, which gives the women the rights they have so long craved, and also exposes them to new liabilities. Mrs. Margaret Fletcher ran away from her home at Workington a fortnight ago, and carried with her jewels and wearing apparel valued at $12. Her husband first sued for divorce and got it, and then prosecuted his wife as a thief, and the Justice decided against the defendant, who was beautiful as well as wayward.

Ellen Knapp, aged 70, picked up a bit of matting valued at 5s., which she had found on a piece of vacant building land at Worthing, in England. She took it home, and said: "See what I have picked up," adding that if the owner applied for it she would return it. A policeman did apply, and she at once handed it over to him. The magistrates gave the case "their best consideration," and sent Ellen to prison for 21 days, "with such labor as her age would enable her to perform." The sentence appeared to excite some surprise in Court.

A few weeks ago a unique notice appeared in the Boston papers. A lady advertised to do all kinds of cooking to order. Since then she has been crowded with work, which shows that there is a demand for cooked food which cannot be wholly supplied by bakeries and canning factories. She makes a specialty of white and Graham bread, but also furnishes meats, pies, doughnuts and cakes. Although an educated woman, she is an adept in her art, and, if her strength only proves equal to the demands made upon it, she has found a permanent means for securing a livelihood for herself and two young children.—*Washington Capital.*

The latest invention in the line of entertainments is that known as the "Celestial Party." The floor of the hall or vestry, which is to be the scene of the festivities is marked off into orbits, and numerous young ladies, handsomely and fancifully dressed to represent the planets, such as Ceres, Hygeia, Astraea, Vesta, Ariadne, Flora and Terpsichore, revolve and rotate through these orbits around a young man dressed in flame-colored habiliments to represent the sun, who discourses to his satellites in poetry and prose. Smith College has the honor of having originated this unique style of entertainment, which takes place when the young ladies celebrate having finished the study of astronomy.

Much distress and sickness attributed to dyspepsia and chronic diarrhœa is occasioned by humor in the stomach. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy.

THE BAD BOY.

His Experience With Limberger Cheese.

Peck's Sun.

"What was the Health Officer doing over to your house this morning?" said the groceryman to the boy, as the youth was firing frozen potatos at the man who collects garbage in the alley.

"O, they are searching for sewer-gas, and such things, and they have got plumbers, and other sanitary experts till you can't rest; and I came away for fear they would find the sewer gas and warm my jacket."

"Sh—h—h! Now don't breathe a word of it to a living soul, or I am a dead boy. You see I was over to the dairy fair at the Exposition Building on Saturday night, and when they were breaking up, me and my chum helped to carry boxes of cheese, and firkins of butter, and the cheeseman gave each of us a piece of Limburger cheese, wrapped in tin foil. Sunday morning I opened my piece and it made me tired. O, it was the awfullest smell I ever heard of, except the smell when they found a tramp, who hung himself in the woods, on the Whitefish Bay Road, and had been dead three weeks. Pa and Ma were just getting ready to go to church, and I cut off a piece of cheese, and put it in the inside pocket of Pa's vest, and I put another in the lining of Ma's muff, and I went down to church too, and sat on the back seat with my chum, looking as pious as though I was taking up a collection. The church was pretty warm, and by the time they got up to sing the first hymn, Pa's cheese began to smell a match with Ma's cheese. Pa held one side of the hymn book, and Ma held the other, and Pa when he sings for all that is ont, and when he braced himself and sang "Just as I Am," Ma thought Pa's voice was tinctured with billiousness and she looked at him, and hunched him and told him to stop singing and breathe through his nose, cause his breath was enough to stop a clock.

Pa stopped singing and turned around kind of cross like toward Ma, and then he smelled Ma's cheese, and then he turned his head the other way and said "Whew!" and they didn't sing any more, but they looked at each other as though they smelled fury. When they sat down they sat as far apart as they could get, and Pa sat next to a woman who used to be a nurse in a hospital; and when she smelled Pa's cheese she looked at him as though she thought he had the small-pox, and she held her handkerchief to her nose. The man in the other end of the pew that Ma sat near, he was a stranger from Racine, who belongs to our Church, and he looked at Ma sort of queer, and when they got up to sing again the man took his hat and went out, and when he came by me he said something in a whisper about a female glue factory. Well sir, before the sermon was over everybody in that part of the church had their handkerchiefs to their noses and they looked at Pa and Ma scandalous, and the two ushers they came around in the pews looking for a dog, and when the minister got over his sermon, and wiped the perspiration off his face, he said he would like to have the Trustees of the church stay after meeting as there was business of importance to transact. He said the question of proper ventilation and sewerage of the church would be brought up, and that he presumed the congregation had noticed this morning that the church was unusually full of sewer gas. He said he had spoken of the matter before, and expected it would be attended to before this. He said he was a meek and humble follower of the Lamb, and was willing to cast his lot wherever the Master decided, but he would be blessed if he would preach any longer in a church that smelled like a bone boiling establishment. He said that religion was a good thing, but no person could enjoy religion as well in a fat rendering establishment as he could in a flower garden; and as far as he he was concerned, he had got enough.

Everybody looked at everybody else, but Pa looked at Ma as though he knew where the sewer-gas came from; and Ma looked at Pa real mad, and me and my chum lit out, and I went home and distributed my cheese all around. I put a slice in Ma's bureau drawer, down under her underclothes, and a piece in the spare room, under the bed, and a piece in the bath-room in the soap-dish, and a slice in the album on the parlor table, and a piece in the library in a book, and I went to the dining-room and put some under the table, and dropped a piece under the range in the kitchen. I tell you the house was loaded for bear. Ma came home from church first, and when I asked her where Pa was she said she hoped he had gone to walk around a block to air himself. Pa came home to dinner, and when he got a smell of the house he opened all the doors and Ma put a comfortable around her shoulders and told Pa he was a disgrace to civilization. She tried to get Pa to drink some carbolic acid. Pa finally convinced Ma it was not him, and they decided it was the house that smelled so, as well as the church, and all Sunday afternoon they went visiting, and this morning Pa went down to the Health Office and got the Inspector of Nuisances to come up to the house, and when he smelled around a spell he said there was a dead rat in the main sewer pipe, and they sent for plumbers, and Ma went out to a neighbor's to borry some fresh air, and when the plumbers began to tear up the floor of the basement I came over here. If they find any of that Limburger cheese it will go hard with me. The hired girls have both quit, and Ma says she is going to break up housekeeping and board. That is just into my hand. I want to board at a hotel, where you can have a bill of fare, and toothpicks, and everything. Well, I guess I will go over to the house and stand in the door, and listen to the mocking bird. If you see me coming out of the alley with my coat-tails full of boots you can bet they have discovered the sewer gas."

Ample Directions.

Detroit Free Press.

I had often read of the slow speed made by Southern railroad trains, but noticed nothing unusual until reaching Macon. The train pulled out at about 15 miles an hour, slowed down to 12, and the waits were long and tedious. Some of the crowd didn't seem to care if we never got there, but the drummer for a Philadelphia house took on terribly. He was blasting away when the conductor came along and inquired what ailed him. "Why, I'll be left!" hotly exclaimed the drummer. "Let's see? You go to Thomasville?" "Yes sir." "You change cars at Smithville?" "I ought to, but the train will be gone." "Not a bit of it. That train is two hours behind time." "Well, I'd rather wait in Smithville." "You couldn't wait in that Town two hours without being asked to drink some of the worst whisky ever made, and if you refused you'd have to fight." "I could go to the hotel." "Then you'd have to walk a mile in the sand. No bus comes down until our train whistles." "I might drum up a customer." "You couldn't drum nothing. The last Northern drummer in Smithville had to fly for his life." "Couldn't I wait on the platform?" "No, sir. There is no platform to wait on, and if there was, you'd be suspected of wanting to start a turpentine fire." "Well, it's awful slow." "What of it? The other train is still slower; no dinner can be had until we get there; there is nothing to see; the depot won't be open; you can't sell a paper of pins in the town; you can't get on to Thomasville; no one in the town plays poker; you can't find a decent cigar there, and from what I know of Smithville I can assure you that it has at least 30 citizens who would take a pop at you on general principles within six minutes after your landing there." Soon after our speed was reduced to 10 miles an hour, but the drummer had nothing more to say.

Not an Atheist.

In "Howard's" letter to the Philadelphia *Times* the declaration that Charles R. Thorne was an atheist is indignantly denied. In the first place, says the correspondent, Thorne did not know enough to be an atheist, and in the next neither he nor his doctor had any idea he was going to die.

LUCIFER MATCHES.

An Average of Two Matches a Day Used by Every Man, Woman and Child.

American Grocer.

The last returns of the Internal Revenue Bureau report that the receipts for stamps for matches amounted to $3,272,258. Taking the average of the internal revenue stamp tax per gross of matches, the total production in the United States is about 2,608,000 gross, an average of about 8,360 gross per day, or a total of about *thirty-seven thousand five hundred and fifty-five million* matches that went into consumption in the United States during the year 1882. With a population of 50,000,000, this shows an average consumption of about two matches per day for every man, woman and child in the United States. The average price of matches of all kinds should be reduced after July 1st, at least $1.75 per gross, which will make a difference in the cost to the consumers of about $4,500,000 yearly. If this reduction of $1.75 per gross is realized, it will represent a reduction in profits of about $1,200,000 a year to the Diamond Match Company, or, in other words, the result of taxation has been that not only did the people pay the tax, but they paid an extra profit to manufacturer over and above the amount that was an ordinary manufacturer's profit of about $1,200,000 per year. That is the direct result of the annoying stamp tax on matches, in keeping out of the business small manufacturers who could not well give bonds for bonds for stamps, and who lacked the capital necessary to pay the large stamp duties in advance. To show the great difference in the cost of matches where no stamp duty is levied, we have only to look to the cost of Swedish matches. A good sulphur match is sold in Sweden at the equivalent in our money of 30 cents per gross. On matches manufactured in this country the stamp duty is about $1.36 per gross and the cost of making in this country and adding a fair manufacture's profit, would be 36 cents, making a total cost of $1.72. The price at which the Diamond Match Company is selling is $2.60, showing a profit over and above a fair manufacturing profit of over 50 per cent. This has been the direct result of trammeling tax laws, that permitted rich corporations to form combinations that have, within the last eight years, taken fully $10,000,000 extra profit out of the citizens of the United States. No person will pretend that during that period the finances of this country needed any income from matches. The above facts show conclusively the evil effects of heavy taxation, and how it trammels and affects business transactions. The United States should at this time be able to largely manufacture matches for export. It is a fact, however, that our export of matches is almost *nil*. The country has commenced to throw off the incubus of over-taxation. On July 1 next the stamp tax on matches will be entirely taken off, and we predict that manufacturers in this country within three years, will be exporting matches largely. At the present time Sweden is the greatest match manufacturing country in the world, notwithstanding makers import not only nearly all their chemicals, but actually large quantities of the wood from which matches are manufactured, besides all of the tin used in making the tin-lined cases necessary for packing matches for shipment to far-away foreign countries.

A Poetess in a New Role.

Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, of Boston, has been appointed special agent of the Indian bureau to investigate the condition of the Mission Indians in California. Mrs. Jackson has taken a warm interest in Indian affairs, and, having received complaints regarding the alleged usurpation of certain lands belonging to the Mission Indians by white settlers under recent Government surveys, she applied to the Indian office for permission to investigate the charges. Her instructions are to ascertain the number of Mission Indians, where they are living, whether any suitable Government lands can be set apart for their use, and if lands cannot be obtained except by purchase, what land is most advisable to be bought for their use. She is directed to ascertain what proportion of these Indians would consent to go upon a reservation, and to recommend generally what executive action is necessary to improve their condition. Mrs. Jackson's expenses, not to exceed $1,200, will be paid by the Government, and she is given an assistant, Mr. A. Kinney, of San Gabriel, Cal., whose expenses will also be paid by the Government.

In the Almighty's Hands.

The fact is generally well known that a large number of the telegraph offices in the small Towns surrounding Pittsburg are in charge of young ladies, says the *Leader*. During the recent electrical storms, which prevailed to a large extent over the entire country, the telegraph wires were rendered almost entirely useless for a whole day. One of these young lady operators came to her office on the morning of the day in question and found herself unable to send any messages. In vain she tried to send them any distance, and quarreled over the wires with the other feminine operators in the Towns near by, claiming it to be all their fault. Finally, as the pile of messages grew in front of her, without being able to dispatch one of them, she was at last able to call Pittsburg, and sent a line to the Superintendent, saying: "Have important business to wire. Operators at B—— and S—— won't let me use the lines." The answer she received was perfectly unintelligible at first, but when she read the evening papers it was made perfectly clear. It read: "My dear little girl, operators not blamable; wires are in Almighty's hands."

How Imperial Guests are Received.

Philadelphia Times.

Berlin court journalists relate with touching sympathy the exhausting labors undergone by the Crown Prince on the occasion of the silver wedding festivities in receiving his own and his imperial father's guests at the railway stations. Every royal personage who travels abroad must be received in a uniform such as he himself wears, and as whole crowds of Knights and Princes and things came to Town, the unfortunate host is kept busy changing his dress, like a man in a pantomime. An Austrian Prince would arrive by one train, and when the Crown Prince, in an Austrian uniform, had received him, he must quickly get into a Russian uniform and drive back to the station to meet a Russian Prince, and so on, till all his guests had been duly received. A modern Prince of high rank has as many costumes as a leading tenor, and on busy days he has to make as many changes. But then a Prince does not have much else to do.

Tunnin' 'Ittle Toads.

Boston Herald.

One of the gems of a children's entertainment at Providence was the appearance of three performers of the mature age of three and four years, who appeared as toadstools with a surprising naturalness of effect in an ingenious costume. They recited the following lines:

Three little toadstools, don't you see,
Just as tunnin' as we can be.

Where did we come from? We don't know,
Spec's from de same place violets grow.

What are we good for? Just to keep
Rain from the mosses wen dey's creep.

Where we going? Oh, my soul!
Wid all de flowers in a great big hole.

An Old Ministerial Yarn Resurrected.

Exchange.

A witty nobleman once asked a clerical gentleman at the bottom of the table why the goose, when there was one, was always placed next to the parson. "Really, my lord," said the clergyman, "your question is somewhat difficult to answer and so remarkably odd that I vow I shall never see a goose again without being reminded of your lordship."

What Makes a Converted Heathen Mad.

Fall River Advance.

It is a mean man who will pass a counterfeit quarter on a deacon, for it is sure to drop into the collection box and make some benighted heathen forget that he has been converted when he finds it won't buy him two straight drinks and a cigar.

For the Blade.

THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

BY R. M. E.

Moonless night on the wide rolling prairie,
A scent of smoke on the warm south wind;
The tall, swaying grass breathes a low, plaintive music,
The piteous wail of a dread undefined.

Dull red, the line along the horizon
Sends a weird, threatening light to the smoke-clouds above.
That widen and spread to a gray, vap'rous covering,
Shutting out the beautiful stars that I love.

The scarred belt of trees that border the valley,
And shuts the fierce sun from the tortuous stream,
Mutters and sighs of a shadowy memory,
And sense of new danger in deep, troubled dream.

I lean from my casement, the while the world sleeps,
And long for to-morrow, for sunshine again;
Strange sounds, subtle odors, mysterious gloom,
I'm a child of the West, yet it thrills me to pain.

GERMAN STUDENT DUELS.

A Relic of the Days of Chivalry and Barbarism—How a Plucky Kentuckian Avenged an Insult.

As a "matriculirte student" at the University at Leipsic, fond of seeing various phases of life, I had enjoyed many opportunities of studying the German student as he is found only at some one of his country's universities. Untraveled, uncultured, conceited, bigoted, overbearing to inferiors, fawning to superiors, polite to men of his set, brutish and rude to all women, encircled ever by a nimbus of tobacco smoke and beer fumes, and with a broad, flabby face, on which, perhaps are the signatures of others of his own class, written there with keen, polished steel—these are the characteristics of the whole class of the fast German students. Knowing that good German and a knowledge of the men themselves could only be attained by becoming, for the time, one of them, and doing as the Romans did, I threw aside, as much as possible, my American manners and accent, began to replace water with beer as a daily, and, I may say, almost hourly beverage, and engaged the services of the University fencing master to instruct me in the noble art of carving an adversary's face as much as possible with my own sword while trying to ward off his bloodletting strokes from my physiognomy.

I never before had exactly understood the meaning of the German student's "Schlagerfechten," but soon learned that it was a custom, probably handed down from the days of chivalry, of settling disputes and redressing wrongs. It was formerly a regular duel fought to the death, but now is a very weak imitation of that barbarous custom, though barbarous to the extreme in itself. It occupies the same place in German universities that foot ball, I should say, does in ours, and is the cause of a number of fighting societies called corps, which go by different names, such as the Thueringen Corps or the Westphalian, which are distinguished by peculiar little caps, some of them similar to polo caps, and polychromatic ribbons worn aslant the breasts of the members. Students fight very seldom now because of real or fancied insults, and few duels are fought by any but corps men. Many duels, however,

AS TRIALS OF SKILL,

are fought between delegates from two different corps, and then the victorious corps is challenged by another, and so these blood-letting matches continue. Less serious injury is done to the combatants, on the average, than is done to the participants in a foot-ball match, but the duelists labor under the disadvantage of wearing the marks of their injuries through life. Disadvantage did I say? They would consider it an advantage, no doubt, if the two kinds of matches were compared. The German student is proud of those very scars, which are the ineffaceable marks of a period of hot-headed foolishness, the unsalted period, which men of most countries are willing to forget, but which, in mark and memory, the Germans seem fondly to cherish.

My lessons in the German's manly art went on apace and I soon began to wield a rather formidable sword. The method of fighting and using the sword is peculiar. The weapon is a flat, straight blade, made always at Solingen, about a meter in length, and having at the handle a bell-shaped metal protection for the hand. The dueling swords are sharpened for about six inches on either side of the end of the blade, which is cut off square. The swords used in practicing are merely blunt iron blades of the same shape. In the fencing room one wears a heavy iron mask, a padded shirt of leather reaching from his neck down to his knees, and on his sword arm a very heavily padded leather glove, with gauntlet extending to his shoulder. In practice, as in the regular duels, the antagonists stand facing each other and about three feet apart, the left hand nervously grasping the trouser strap behind, and the right arm curved almost directly over the head, holding the swords, whose blade, almost perpendicular to the forearm, falls down in a slanting line about two feet before the face. The blows are struck in a swinging manner from the wrist and forearm, the point of the sword describing a circle as the blow is struck. There are four or five blows only, which are used singly and in combination with each other. The *quart* is a blow destined for the left temple; the *wittel quart* for the left ear; the *tief-quart* for the left side of the chin and the *tiez* for the right temple. The blows are

RECEIVED ON THE ARM,

which, as I have said, is protected by a thickly padded gauntlet, and on the blade near the hilt. The exercise is rather severe but very good, as it brings most muscles of the body into play, and the counters and cross counters are given and and received as quickly as blows in boxing, without the delay for the prowling about usually indulged in as a preliminary in the latter exercise of skill and strength.

My friend L——, who was in the University at the same time, was a tall, raw-boned Kentuckian, a superb boxer, as active as a cat, and as muscular as a trained gymnast. L—— was as fine and noble-hearted a fellow as there was in the world, but he had one fault, that of rashness, which often led him into serious scrapes, but which in the present case was the cause of a German student duel, which I witnessed. L—— and I were one evening rowing on the Pleisse toward Connewitz, a small Village a few miles from Leipzig, which, as there is a pleasant inn and a dance hall there, was the objective point of many boating parties, when we were rather unpleasantly and suddenly surprised by receiving considerable dirty water on our backs and heads, splashed intentionally by the oars of some semi-intoxicated students, and, by their insignia, Corps students. L—— with a few strokes pulled our boat to the shore, jumped out, and, in broken German and profane English, invited the Germans to land also. After a little consultation, our baptizers pulled toward the bank, and the largest man in the boat got out and was promptly knocked down by the "left" of that hot headed young man. As Germans consider it literally beastly (*schweinisch*) to use their fists in combat, the student rose in an awkward manner and demanded L——'s card. This meant a duel, and as L——, who had become a perfect fencer, was desirous, for the fun of the thing, of indulging in a little conflict with one of the students, cards were exchanged, and one of the German's companions and myself were appointed seconds to arrange all the details of the meeting.

The other second and I met on the following day and decided on a *gasthaus* in the Village of H—— and an early date for the meeting. The duel was to be fought at 7 o'clock in the morning, and as there were no accommodations in the Village, consequently,

AN EARLY START

would be necessary. L—— and I retired early in the evening of the eventful day and enjoyed a good night's rest, while our antagonists were indulging in an all-night wassail, called by them a *kneipe*. We rose early, and after a hearty breakfast, drove with a few American friends, who went mostly out of curiosity, and also, in case of any emergency, to see fair play, to H——, and had plenty of time to enjoy a quiet after-breakfast smoke before the other principal, with most of the members of his corps, which, by the way, was the Thueringen, arrived. The Germans, poor fellows, appeared tired out after their bout, but went immediately to work to prepare their champion for the contest. In the duel, the padded gauntlet of the fencing room is replaced by fold after fold of silk, which renders the arm a good shield for certain blows. A long, wide silken scarf is wound many times around the neck, to protect the jugular vein, and the eyes are guarded by iron goggles, which also hold the ears close to the head with their straps. The German wore also his corps cap on his head, while L—— was bare headed. The duel was to be fought in a dance hall in the inn, and after our men were fully equipped and bandaged, we then proceeded. The Germans took one side of the hall, the Americans the other, and a doctor who had been brought by the Germans occupied one side of the "Mensurboden," with a table holding a basin of water and a vinegar-saturated sponge, vinegar being used to stop the flow of blood from the wounds and thus prolong the amusement. We two seconds were clad in the same manner as our principals, with the addition of masks, and according to their custom stood each at the left of our respective principals, with drawn swords, to ward off any blows that might be mortal. The fighting could not last altogether over 15 minutes, and time was to be called frequently. At last the antagonists faced each other, both superb specimens of manhood. The Kentuckian, however, had the advantage of quickness and elasticity, which the German lacked, and we all felt confident of L.'s success. Finally the officer of the Thueringen Corps stepped forward and said: "Sind Sie Herren bereit? Ein, zwei, drei—Los!" At the last word there came an almost

DEAFENING CRASH OF STEEL

and the swords circled like the spokes of a quickly revolving wheel. Krish! Krish! The sparks fly and the room is filled with the shouts of the excited men on both sides. All of a sudden a lock of hair is seen to fly, together with the cap from the side of the German's head, while a stream of blood wells slowly out and trickles down his neck. "Halt!" is exclaimed by the officer, and the poor German has the sponge of vinegar applied to the wound by the doctor, and also takes several large swallows of brandy, as "Dutch courage," no doubt. His second and I hold the sword arms of our principals in the air in the meantime, as to lower the sword arm from the first position in the first fight is considered a signal of defeat. The officer calls the men on the floor again, and as "Los!" is again repeated, I saw L—— with that strong arm of his begin a fearful assault on the guard of the German, which I knew in a short time must break it down and leave him at the mercy of L——, who was now thoroly excited. L—— at last makes a false stroke and receives a scratch on the cheek, but, without minding it, redoubles his assault on the German. At last L—— gets in a powerful "*tief-quart*," and we all see a red mark about four inches long suddenly appear on the German's cheek, and then the blood spurted out in seeming torrents, and sprinkled the floor for several feet. He fell back into the arms of his second in a faint, and was delivered over to the doctor's care. Th doctor stanched the flow of blood, took about three stitches in the gash, decorated it with plaster, and then brought his patient out of his faint and began an allopathic treatment of brandy. We, L—— and I, returned to Leipzig; I was disgusted with the first and only duel I have ever seen. The custom of dueling 15 or 20 years ago was much more common than now, the duels often being fought in the open air. The university authorities (most of them still carry scars from duels in their youth), however, disapprove of the custom and are doing all they can to abolish it. Boxing as a sport and exercise might be introduced in its stead, and the unhealthy tone of that mock dueling might be "knocked out" of the university students by the gloves.

TWO MEN WITH FACES.

A Slight Mistake by a Bar-tender Who Undertook to Read Human Character.

New York Sun.

"I can always tell by the expression of a man's face whether he is a self-reliant man or not," said a bar-tender in a Nassau street saloon to a customer yesterday. "Now, that large man just coming in has a will of his own, and the smaller one with him could be guided by any one," and he speculatively jingled two glasses on the bar as the two gentlemen approached. They were both well dressed, and looked contented with their lot. The tall one had, indeed, a face expressive of a desire to have his own way, and was not unlike Tug Wilson in appearance. His smaller friend had an exceedingly mild aspect. He seemed nervous, and not at all, as the bar-tender had said, like a person of strong will power. They both took whisky, and the smaller one offered to pay for it.

"Pay at the cashier's desk, sir," said the bar-tender, politely, handing him two 10 cent checks. He looked at the cashier's desk, which was some distance away, and, suddenly losing his mild appearance, said:

"I'll be hanged if I am going to be made a waiter of by any d——d bar-tender. I came in to get a drink, not to run of errands."

"For heaven's sake, Jack, pay at the desk, and don't make a scene," said his tall friend, who seemed to have lost his pugilistic aspect as quickly as his friend had got rid of his pacific one.

"I'll be shot if I do," said the smaller man, his voice growing louder. "Here; will you take this or not? It's the last time of asking."

"I am not allowed to take money," said the bar-tender.

"Well, I hope, for your own sake, you are allowed to give drinks for nothing," was the reply, and the small man stalked to the door, followed by his greatly subdued companion.

The bar tender considered for a moment, and then crawled over the bar and went after them.

"I suppose I must take it the way you say," he said.

"Then take it," said the small man, throwing two dimes on the floor. "And thank your stars that you can get it."

The bar-tender picked up the coins, gave them to the cashier, and went back to his place.

"I made a mistake," he said, confidentially, to his first customer. "It is the little one who has a will of his own and the big one whom any one could guide."

Chinese Counterfeiters.

New York Sun Letter.

Chinamen in San Francisco drive a profitable trade by sweating, filling and splicing the United States coin. Great caution must be used in making silver and gold change. I asked why Chinese detectives were not employed to detect Chinese coin clippers. The reply was, "All are in it, and the detective would be murdered. We asked a Chinaman how he liked the Chinese Anti-Emigration law. He said: "Belly good, belly good; we here now can get more pay."

Inv

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are numerous classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication. It is only an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm of a rated business character of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

L. G. L., Williamsport, Pa.: Address Paper Trade Journal, New York City.

A. M. B., Nora Springs, Ia.: Write to Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, New York City.

E. J. H., Chadwick, Mich.: Address A. Galbraith, 209 North High street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. M. J. Gibson is requested to write to C. M. Stabbert, North McGregor, Clayton Co., Iowa, in regard to her cousin's children.

W. M., Cumberland County, Pa.:

Is a soldier's widow of the war of 1812 entitled to his pension after his death?

Yes.

J. M. W., Staunton, Ind.:

On what year and on what day of the month was the battle of the Boyne fought?

July 12, 1690.

H. L. B., Neapolis, O.:

What weekly paper is published in Reynolds County, Mo., and at what place?

Reynolds County Outlook, Centreville.

Cricket, Cameron, Mo.:

Please translate the following: "Nemo semper felix est."

No one is always happy, or no one is always prosperous.

E. H. S., Beloit, Mo.:

What you please give the State and political party that Sens. Harris and Sanlsbury belong to?

Harris, Tennessee; Saulsbury, Delaware; both Democrats.

L. O. C., Oscan, Ind.:

Can a man who was a faithful soldier in both the Mexican and the civil wars, who is old, feeble and without means, gain admittance to the Soldiers' Home?

Yes.

A. E. T., Salem, Ill.:

1. Please inform me who Gail Hamilton is. 2. Is Alfred Tennyson married? 3. If so, who did he marry?

1. Mary Abigail Dodge. 2. Yes. 3. Emily Sellwood.

A. B., Danville, O.:

Can you tell me what book and where published the enclosed leaves are a part of?

The Universal Assistant and Complete Mechanic. Price, cloth, $2.50. Address R. Moore, No. 20, Cooper Institute, New York.

M. A., Sioux City, Iowa: We think your questions about Venice have been answered. Fresh water, formerly obtained at great expense, and of bad quality, from the mainland, or kept in cisterns, is now obtained by a number of artesian wells, sunk in 1847, at the expense of the municipality.

S. C. L., Pickering, Pa.:

In reply to D. A. L., to a question as to the 18 largest cities of the world in population, how is it that you omit Philadelphia, whose population is 846,9487

If omitted, it was an oversight, and we cheerfully state that Philadelphia is the second city in America.

F. S. Hughes, Johnstown, Bates Co., Mo., writes: "Seeing in the BLADE several inquiries for songs, I will send the following songs to any address, provided postage is sent: 'The Dying Californian,' 'Boeka Vista,' 'Brother Green, or Twenty Years Ago.'"

J. W. B., Sweetland Center, Iowa: All soldiers who served 90 days, and who were honorably discharged, are entitled to the benefits of the soldiers' land act. In regard to the second part of your question, we cannot decide. Write to the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C., stating the case fully.

S. S. S., Lucasville, O.:

1. Does any part of the United States boundary line of the Woods go north of 49°? 2. Does the Government receive any revenue from the fisheries and fur trade of Alaska?

1. No. 2. Yes. The exclusive privilege of catching the fur seal is granted by the Government to the Alaska Commercial Company of San Francisco. The number of seals to be taken is limited to 100,000 per annum, and only males may be killed. No restriction is placed upon the taking of other kinds of animals, and the general fur trade is open to competition. The annual value of the fur trade of Alaska is estimated at upward of $1,200,000, while the sum received by the Government as a tax imposed upon the taking of seals exceeds $300,000 yearly.

A. N. L., Chester, Vt.:

I have a coin, date of 1781; on one side is the young head, and on the other, around the words "Mind your business," and a word that I cannot make out. It is "Fegio" or something like it. What can it be? Please let me know, and if there is a price on them above the face value.

In 1787 the Board of Treasury, by authority of Congress, contracted with Mr. James Jarvis for 300 tons of copper coins of the Federal standard. These cents were coined at the New Haven mint, and are of the following description: On one side 13 circles linked together, a small circle in the middle with the words "United States" around it, and in the outer the words, "We are one;" on the other side, a sun dial with the sun above it, and Fugio, 1787, on opposite sides, and below the dial, "Mind Your Business." A few of these pieces are said to have been struck at the Vermont mint at Rupert. We do not know of any premium being offered for them.

F. S. H., Johnstown, Mo.:

As several of your subscribers desire the song "Kitty Wells," I send it to you so you may publish it. I was glad to get the song entitled 'The Child's Dream,' published a short time ago in the BLADE.

KITTY WELLS.

You ask what makes this darkey weep,
Why he, like others, am not gay,
What makes the tear thus down his cheek
Upon early morn till close of day.
'Tis sorrow, sadness, pain, despair,
For in my memory fresh it dwells;
It will cause you all to drop a tear
On the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells.

CHORUS—

As the birds were singing in the morning,
And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,
And the sunlight on the hills was dawning,
It was then they laid her in the tomb.

I never shall forget the day
When we together roamed the dell;
I kissed her cheek and named the day
That I should meet her at the hall;
But death came in my cabin door
And took from me my joy and pride,
And when I found she was no more
I laid my banjo down and cried.

I often wish that I was dead
And laid beside her in the tomb;
The sorrow that bows down my head
Should cause me to meet her in the gloom.
The spring time has no charms for me;
The flowers are blooming in the dell,
But that bright form I do not see—
It is the form of my sweet Kitty Wells.

School Girl, Strawberry Point, Iowa:

The question came up in our Civil Government class in school: How was the westerly portion between the years 1787 to 1789, from the time the Confederation went out of being till the Constitution went into effect? Was there any Central Government, or were the States independent of each other? We have looked in all our histories and can not find anything to tell us, and our principal can't tell.

The period of the Confederation extended to March 4, 1789, when the Constitution went into effect. An ordinance was passed by Congress, July 13, 1787, for the government of the territory northwest of the Ohio River, since famous as the ordinance of 1787. September 28, 1787, Congress passed a resolution transmitting the Constitution to the several States, and September 13, 1788, Congress declared it ratified by nine States (the Constitution providing that when ratified by that number it should go into effect in the States ratifying.) The second Continental Congress expired on March 4, 1789, having maintained its corporate identity for nearly 14 years, though changed from time to time in its membership. Its Presidents, though without power or patronage, were regarded as the personal representatives of the sovereignty of the Union. The last President elected was Cyrus Griffin, of Virginia, January 22, 1788.

E. F. S., Cedar Grove, Wis.:

1. What is an electric storm? 2. In what condition are the inhabitants of Palestine at present? 3. What causes a typhoon? 4. What is the Italian form of government?

1. Electricity in the atmosphere. 2. Under Turkish rule, and in a degraded condition. 3. They arise from the meeting of powerful and opposing currents of air, producing a circular motion. Whirlwinds cause waterspouts, and tornadoes or typhoons give rise to circular storms of greater breadth than whirlwinds. 4. The executive power belongs exclusively to the King, and is exercised by him through nine responsible Ministers; while the legislative authority rests conjointly in the King and Parliament, the latter consisting of two chambers. The Senate is composed of the Princes of the royal house who are of age, and of an unlimited number of members above 40 years old, who are nominated by the King for life; a condition of the nomination being that the person should either fill a high office or have acquired fame in science, literature, or any other pursuit tending to the benefit of the nation. Neither Senators nor Deputies receive any salary or other indemnity. The duration of Parliament is five years; but the King has the power to dissolve the lower house at any time, being bound only to order new elections, and convoke a new meeting within four months. In each of the 69 provinces into which the Kingdom of Italy is divided the executive power of Government is intrusted to a Prefect appointed by the Ministry.

D. M. D., Barneveld, Wis.:

1. Will you please give a brief biographical sketch of John of Barneveldt? 2. Was he a Catholic or a Protestant?

1. He began to practice law at the Hague in 1569, and soon won a name in his profession. He served in the army against the Spaniards, and was present at the siege of Haarlam in 1573. In 1585, after the death of William of Orange, he headed a deputation which offered the sovereignty of the Dutch provinces to Queen Elizabeth. The Queen refused the offer, but sent a force under the Earl of Leicester to their assistance. Barneveldt was soon after appointed Advocate General or Grand Pensionary of Holland and West Friesland. In the religious strife between the Gomarists and Arminians, Barneveldt favored the more liberal views of the latter, and endeavored to reconcile the two factions, by a conference of ecclesiastics, which resulted in a declaration of general toleration on the disputed points. In this the States concurred, and in 1614 an edict was issued enjoining peace. But Maurice, son of William of Orange, procured the summoning of the Council of Dort, November 13, 1618, which condemned entirely the Arminian doctrines. Barneveldt and his friend Grotius had already been arrested at the instigation of Maurice in the beginning of that year. His trial was a mere farce, and he was beheaded at the Hague, May 13, 1619. 2. Protestant. In the contest of religious factions he advocated the most enlightened measures of toleration and freedom, yet he was found guilty, among other things, of "having brought the church of God into trouble."

P. W. B., Carlisle, N. Y.:

Please inform me what persons have held the office of General in the United States from the formation of the Government to the present time.

The following is a list of Generals who have commanded the army since 1775, with the dates of command as far as can be ascertained from the official records: Major-General George Washington, June 15, 1775, to December 23, 1783; Major-General Henry Knox, December 23, 1783, to June 29, 1784; Lieutenant-Colonel Josiah Harmer, General in Chief by brevet, September, 1788, to March, 1791; Major General Arthur St. Clair, March 4, 1791, to March, 1792; Major-General Anthony Wayne, April 11, 1792, to December 15, 1796; Major-General James Wilkinson, December 15, 1796, to July, 1798; Lieutenant-General George Washington, July 3, 1798, to his death, December 14, 1799; Major-General James Wilkinson, June, 1800, to January, 1812; Major-General Henry Dearborn, January 27, 1812, to June, 1815; Major-General Jacob Brown, June, 1815, to February 21, 1828; Major-General Alexander Macomb, May 24, 1828, to June, 1841; Major-General Winfield Scott (brevet Lieutenant General), June, 1841, to November 1, 1861; Major-General George B. McClellan, November 1, 1861, to March 11, 1862; Major-General Henry W. Halleck, July 11, 1862, to March 12, 1864; Lieutenant-General Ulysses S. Grant, March 12, 1864, to July 25, 1866, and as General to March 4, 1869; General William T. Sherman, since March 4, 1869. At one period, between 1781 and 1789, while the entire army as organized, consisted of a small corps of artillery, the corps was commanded by a Captain.

A. S. B., Fairbury, Ill.:

1. Will you please tell who the present ruler of Brazil is? Please give a short sketch of his life. 2. Who is the author of Enoch Arden, and where can it be procured? 3. Don't you think the BLADE lowered itself in the estimation of its readers by devoting one entire page to the advertising of the Louisville Lottery?

1. Pedro II., born December 2, 1825, the son of Emperor Pedro I., and of Archduchess Leopoldina of Austria. He succeeded to the throne on the abdication of his father, in 1831; declared of age July 23, 1840; crowned July 18, 1841; married Sept. 4, 1843, to Theresa, Empress of Brazil, born March 14, 1822, the daughter of the late King Francis I. of the two Sicilies. The Emperor is a scion, in the direct male line, of the House of Braganza, the female line of which is ruling over Portugal. In 1807 the royal family of Portugal fled to Brazil; in 1815 the colony was declared a kingdom, and, the Portuguese Court having returned to Europe in 1821, a National Congress assembled at Rio de Janeiro, and on May 13, 1822, Don Pedro, eldest son of King João VI. of Portugal, was chosen Perpetual Protector of Brazil. He proclaimed the independence of the country September 7, 1822, and was chosen Constitutional Emperor and Perpetual Protector on the 12th of October following. 2. Alfred Tennyson. It can be procured at any bookstore. 3. If you know how to furnish 52 numbers of a newspaper like the BLADE for one dollar, without publishing advertisements, you will be wasting your time reading "Enoch Arden." Buy a printing office and give the world the benefit of your gigantic intellect.

G. E. H., Rutland, Vt.:

Will you please give a description of New Mexico, its climate, class of people, and inducements, if any, for young men to migrate there?

New Mexico is a region of high plateaus, having an altitude of from 2,000 to 6,000 feet, and a general southward inclination, but traversed by mountain ridges, and bearing many isolated peaks, some of the mountains attaining a hight of more than 12,000 feet. The valleys are usually somewhat level, and often very fertile when irrigated; but the climate is very dry, and in the more elevated parts the winter cold is severe. The Territory is remarkably healthful. The streams are not large, and are used chiefly as supplying water for irrigation and for mining purposes. Both placer and quartz gold, as well as rich deposits of silver, iron, copper and lead, are known, and to some extent all have been wrought, while mercury, zinc and manganese also exist. The coal is a lignite of high grade, has a wide distribution, and is frequently found in thick beds. Saline basins are frequent, and afford a supply of good salt. The Territory has many lava beds and thermal and mineral springs. Stock-raising and particularly wool-growing, have long been the leading pursuits. Neither shelter nor hand-feeding is required for the flocks. The apple, peach, melon, apricot, pomegranate and fig do well, but of all fruits the grape promises best. For agriculture and gardening irrigation is necessary. The ordinary cereals do well. Nine-tenths of the white people are of Mexican origin, with a dash of Indian blood, and speak the Spanish language. The Pueblo Indians are by treaty and by statute United States citizens, but they have preferred to retain their own peculiar social relations. The English and Spanish languages are both employed in the schools. A prevailing building material in the towns is the adobe, or sun-dried brick, which proves very durable.

Subscriber, Michigan Bluff, Cal.:

Be so kind to give me the meaning of Mennonite. I have noticed the name in various denominations of the Christian religion in the United States. Explain as to their faith, etc.

They are a denomination of Protestants who reject infant baptism, and baptize adult persons only on a profession of faith, and practice nonresistance and abstinence from oaths. Originally they were called by their opponents Anabaptists. They were called Mennonites because they were reorganized and more fully indoctrinated by Menno Symons. In 1525, at Zurich, the first church was organized which professed all the leading principles of the body. They suffered from persecution, and more than 30,000 of them suffered martyrdom in Swabia, Bavaria, Austria and Tyrol. They found refuge in Moravia, where they greatly increased, until the 30 years' war drove them away. The history of the Dutch Mennonites, as after the accession of Menno Symons the Anabaptists were called, is written in blood. About 6,000 of them suffered martyrdom under the rule of Philip II. of Spain. The emigration of Mennonites to the United States began with the settlement of New York. The first church was organized in 1683 at Germantown, near Philadelphia. In 1709 began a much larger emigration from Switzerland. These settled in Lancaster County, Pa. As their religious views then were but little known they republished the confession of faith adopted at Dort in 1627, which is still adhered to by all Mennonites in America. As few of them keep lists of membership, it is impossible to ascertain their exact number. Their principal divisions are: 1. The Old Mennonites, by far the largest body, having a publishing office at Elkhart, Ind. 2. The Reformed Mennonites, who prohibit all religious intercourse with other Christians. 3. The New Mennonites. 4. The Evangelical Mennonites, who hold stated meetings for prayer. 5. The Amaish Mennonites, usually called Omish. In church government they are in Europe Independents, while in America they somewhat resemble Presbyterians. They have bishops, preachers and deacons; but the only difference between the bishop and the preacher is that the former is ordained, the latter only licensed to preach. Baptism is administered to all children of Mennonites when they arrive at a certain age, in Germany in their 14th year, in Holland and America about their 18th. The mode, except among the Evangelical and some of the New Mennonites, is always pouring. The Lord's supper is celebrated twice a year, usually preceded by feet washing. They do not assume public offices, and never go to law. Almost the entire Mennonite literature is in Dutch.

J. S. G., Whittier, Ill.:

Please give a short history of Poland, stating when and by what powers dismembered, and for what purpose.

Poland, anciently, was the country of the Vandals, who emigrated from it to invade the Roman Empire. It became a Duchy under Lechus I., A. D. 550; and a Kingdom under Boleslaus A. D. 999. Poland was dismembered by the Emperor of Germany, the Empress of Austria and King of Russia, who seized the most valuable territories in 1772. It was finally partitioned and its political existence annihilated, by the above powers in 1795. The King formally resigned his crown at Grodno, and was afterwards removed to St. Petersburg, where he remained a kind of State prisoner till his death in 1798. With him ended the Kingdom of Poland. Haydn says: "An act of spoliation more unprincipled never dishonored crowned heads. For a century previously, the balance of power had engaged the attention of politicians of Europe; but in permitting this odious crime, such an object appears to have been totally lost sight of. Austria and Prussia had long been deadly enemies, and both hated Russia; yet they now conspired against a country they were each pledged to protect, and with unexampled profligacy became leagued in a scheme of plunder consummated by the destruction of 500,000 lives. Russia seized Lithuania, and all that part to the eastward that suited her. Austria took Gallicia, the most fertile of the provinces, lying contiguous to her own dominions; and Prussia secured the maritime districts. The most extraordinary circumstance attending this affair was the total inaction of the two great powers, England and France."

G. W. M., Milton, Ia.:

Please give a short history of the life of Kosciusko, the Polish patriot.

He was descended from a noble family, studied at the military academy of Warsaw, and was sent to the military school at Versailles to complete his studies at the expense of the State. On his return to Poland he rose to the rank of Captain, but an unrequited passion for the daughter of the Marshal of Lithuania induced him to leave his country. He embarked for America, where he received a commission as an officer of engineers. Finally he was made a Brigadier General, and honored with the public thanks of Congress. At the end of the war he returned to Poland. In 1789, when the Polish army was reorganized, he was appointed a Major General. In the battle of Dubienka, with but 4,000 men, he kept at bay 15,000 Russians, and finally made his retreat without great loss. When King Stanislas submitted to the second partition of Poland, Kosciusko resigned his commission and retired to Leipsic, where he received from the National Assembly the citizenship of France. A rising of his countrymen was secretly planned, and Kosciusko elected Dictator and Commander-in-Chief. Suddenly appearing at Cracow, March 24, 1794, he issued a manifesto against the Russians. April 4, with 5,000 men, he routed 10,000 Russians, and returned in triumph to Cracow. His second expedition was opposed by the King of Prussia, at the head of 40,000 men, and Kosciusko was defeated. He now retired to Warsaw, which city he defended with great success against the beleaguering Prussians and Russians. When the siege was raised he went out to check the progress of the Russian forces, but was routed by their overwhelming numbers, and being wounded fell into their hands and was confined in a prison in St. Petersburg. His imprisonment was continued two years, when the Emperor Paul gave him his liberty. In 1797 he visited the United States, where he was received with great honor, and obtained from Congress a grant of land, in addition to a pension. He then took up his abode in France. Napoleon, about to invade Poland, desired to make use of the patriot, but he refused to lend himself to his purpose. In 1816 he went to live in Switzerland, whence in the following year he sent a deed of manumission to all the serfs upon his Polish estate. His death (October 15, 1817) was caused by a fall from his horse over a precipice. His remains were removed by the Emperor Alexander to the Cathedral Church of Cracow. Kosciusko was the principal engineer in executing the works at West Point.

A. B., Toledo, O., writes: "A few days since you published a calendar in response to Reader, of Fillmore, Ind., inquiring if you could give any rule for ascertaining the day of the week on which any day of the year comes. Your calendar, if at hand when wanted, is good for this century, but following is a 'rule' that will apply to any century since Pope Gregory directed a change of 10 days in reckoning time, thus changing the Julian style to the Gregorian, or New Style. If the pupil will remember the Dominical letter for each present year, found in the Almanac, or the rule for finding it, commit to memory the couplet and its application he can tell the day of the week any day of the month occurs after a few moment's thought, without a calendar. It has been of almost daily use to me for many years."

THE DOMINICAL LETTER—ITS USE, AND HOW TO FIND IT.

Once every 28 years, the same days of the week occur on the same days of the month. This period of 28 years is called a Solar Cycle. To connect the days of the week with the days of the year, the first seven letters of the alphabet are used to mark the several days of the week, and in such a way, for every year, that the letter A shall always stand for the first day of January, B for the second, and so on; the seven letters being constantly repeated, in their order, for the seven days through all the days of the year; consequently, all the days which have the same letter fall on the same day of the week. The letter which answers to the first Sunday of a common year will answer to all the Sundays of that year; hence it is call the "Dominical" letter (dominicus dies, "Lord's day"), simply meaning Sunday letter. When we know the day of the week on which the first day of the year comes, we have only to name, in order, the first seven letters of the alphabet, applying one to each day; and the letter corresponding with Sunday will be the Dominical letter for the year; for instance, Friday was January 1, 1869, Friday, A; Saturday, B; Sunday, C; C, therefore, is the Dominical letter for 1869. A common year contains 52 weeks and one day. If a common year begins on Monday, the year following it would begin on Tuesday; and Sunday, the sixth day, would make F, the sixth letter, the Dominical letter. Now, if all the years were common ones, that is, if there were no Leap-years, the first seven letters, taken in retrograde order, would successively stand for Sunday once every seven years; but Leap-years contain 52 weeks and two days. Now, to get the same letters to fall on the same days of the week after the 28th of February, that they would have represented had no additional day occurred, the whole series of letters must be shifted forward one day; therefore every Leap-year has two Dominical letters,—one for January and February, and the letter which stands the next in the retrograde order of the letters, for the remainder of the year from the 29th of February. *Rule.*—To find the Dominical letter for any year. Add one-fourth of the given year, (less the fraction, if any,) to the number of days in the first month, and divide the amount by seven. Then subtract the remainder from seven, and the number left will be the number of the letter which is the Dominical letter for that year. *Note.*—In Leap-years, the letter thus found stands for the remainder of the year after February 29, and the next letter in order stands for January and February. Any year which by being divided by four, without a remainder, is a Leap-year, except three of each four centennial years, as 1700, 1800, 1900, etc. The centennial years are ones, unless they are divisible by 400, without a remainder. The day of the week corresponding to any day of the month may easily be found by the following couplet.

"At Dover Dwells George Brown, Esquire,
Good Carlos Finch And David Fryer."

In the couplet are 12 words corresponding to the 12 months of the year. The first letter of the several words, in their order, marks the letter which stands for the first day of each month; whence any other day can easily be found. *Example.*—To find on what day of the week the 9th of September, 1822, occurred, we take Finch, the word corresponding to the month; and, having ascertained that the Dominical letter for that year is F, we perceive at once that the first day was Sunday, consequently the ninth day must have been Monday. This may be found on what day of the week any day of the month for any year will occur.

SPECIAL NOTICE

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

Delayed Subscriptions.

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $2, dated at Union City, no County or State, papers ordered for G. Hixson and Mrs. L. Miller.

Letter containing $1, dated at Harvey, no County or State, signed Mrs. R. C. White.

Letter containing $1, from Rosefield, Ill., no name attached.

Letter containing $1, paper ordered for C. P. Smith, no address.

Letter containing $1, dated at Frankfort, no County or State, signed by A. S. Dow.

If L. A. Graves, who complains of getting two Blades will give his full postoffice address the error will be corrected.

Letter containing $1, dated at New Douglas, Ill., no address.

Letter containing $1, says paper expires March 28, and to go to Norwich, Iowa; no name attached.

Letter containing $1, dated at Brownville, no State, signed H. A. Johnson.

Letter containing $1, no name or address.

If R. S. Dow of Frankfort, will give his full address we will send his paper.

Letter containing $1, signed J. M. Delany, no address.

Letter containing $1, dated at Sonora, no County or State, signed Thos. Ainsley.

Letter containing 80c. in stamps, dated at Monterey, no County or State, signed Francis Doad.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

NO TRUTH IN THE KREMLIN STORY.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 6.—It is semi-officially announced that there is not the slightest warrant for the report of a large mine being discovered connecting with the Kremlin.

A WAR OF RACES ON THE PANAMA CANAL.

PANAMA, March 27.—Severe and continuous rioting has taken place along the line of the canal works, originating in race hatred between Jamaicans and Carthagenians. Some 20 of the former have been massacred, and the government finds itself unable to restore order. Arms being indiscriminately purchased, and as no work is going on, and as there are about 8,000 men drinking freely, serious trouble is anticipated on the Isthmus which is being rapidly overrun by the dregs of all nations.

De Lesseps leaves the Isthmus to-day for New York. He insists the canal will be finished in 1888.

A PARIS SENSATION.

PARIS, April 5.—Madame Chalenton was murdered to-day by her husband. The Chalenton family became notorious through the recent sensational abduction trial. The story of the case was that Madame Chalenton gave shelter and protection to a young lady, Fidelia De Monasterio, against the wishes of her mother to confine her in a mad-house.

MONTREAL MEDICAL COLLEGES.

MONTREAL, April 6.—Archbishop Tachercan has informed the faculty of the Montreal Medical School that they must sever their connection with Victoria College or come under the anathema of the church. The Superior of the Hotel Dieu Hospital has an order from His Grace, directing that medical students from Protestant colleges be not admitted. It is alleged some members of the faculty of the Montreal school have expressed to Bishop Fabre their acquiescence in the Pope's mandates.

SOCIALISTS SENTENCED.

PARIS, April 4.—Five Socialists who signed placards calling a public meeting for the 9th of last month and urging resistance in the event of interference by the police, were convicted of having instigated the riots which occurred on that date, and were sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

A BLACK EYE FOR DISTILLERS.

OTTAWA, April 3.—The Privy Council came to an adverse decision on the application of American distillers to admit whisky in bond in packages of less than 100 gallons. It is probable, however, some modification will be made in existing regulations.

NEW YORK, PENNSYLVANIA & OHIO RAILROAD.

LONDON, April 3.—At a meeting of bondholders of the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio Railroad called in the interest of Lord Bury, held here to-day, Lord Bury made a strong speech in opposition to the lease of the road to the New York, Lake Erie & Western Railroad Company, which he said would prove ruinous to the first mentioned road. He declared that Lewis, who on a recent visit to America, arranged for the lease of the road, had been guilty of a breach of faith in carrying out this reconstruction scheme. Votes were taken on motions proposed by Lord Bury against the proposed lease and in favor of maintaining its independence, and was carried unanimously. A committee was appointed to care for the interests of opponents of the lease and organize opposition for effective work at the principal meeting of bondholders to be held on the 6th inst.

SOCIALISTS.

Their "Congress" at Copenhagen Broken Up and Delegates Ordered to Leave the Country.

COPENHAGEN, April 5.—The Socialist Congress was treated to an unwelcome surprise from the Danish Government. On the fourth day, while in the midst of its session, the Prefect of Police, after having held a full conference with the King and secured his approval, sent to Herr Tiebknecht, one of the most outspoken delegates, who was looked upon as a leader in the Congress, and served on him an order to close the Congress forthwith. Those members who came from foreign countries were informed it was desired by the Danish authorities that they leave Denmark not later than Tuesday.

KIEL, April 5.—The names of the four Socialists arrested here Tuesday, while on their way from the Socialist Congress at Copenhagen, are Bebel, Diatz, Auer and Neumunster. Although they were members of the Reichstag, their papers were seized and confiscated to the State. The shrewd efforts of the police did not succeed in extorting from the prisoners any oral evidence against their party, and they were finally released.

New York Penal Code.

ALBANY, April 5.—A long series of contests over the amendments of the penal code resulted in the passage of the same by the Assembly to-day. The code remains still in force, and prohibits all shooting, hunting, fishing, horse racing, gaming, or other public sports, exercises, or shows, and all noise disturbing the peace of the day.

Seven Rounds in Seventeen Minutes.

NEW YORK, April 6.—A prize fight occurred on Long Island at daybreak this morning, between Harry Welson, commonly known as the "Black Diamond," and James McLaughlin. Seven rounds were fought in 17 minutes, when the "Diamond" was declared the winner. Welson hails from Cincinnati.

The Wisconsin Labor Law.

MILWAUKEE, April 5.—It is estimated that the Labor bill, passed by the legislature, imposing a fine and imprisonment in case of the employment of children under 14, will throw nearly 3,000 out of employment in this city. Large cigar manufacturers employ a considerable number and several hundred are employed as sorters at rag and junk shops.

Accident to Gen. Morgan.

MT. VERNON, O., April 4.—Gen. George W. Morgan to night fell down the stairs leading to Hon. Abel Hart's office, breaking his arm and receiving internal injuries.

SCROFULA.

A remedy that can destroy the germs of scrofula, and when once settled has the power to root it out, must be appreciated by those afflicted. The remarkable cures of young children and the more wonderful cures of those of middle age and late in life, as illustrated by our printed testimonials, prove HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA to be a reliable remedy, containing remedial agents which do positively cure scrofula and eradicate it from the blood.

WARNER, N. H., Jan. 21, 1879.

MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.: Gentlemen:—For ten years previous to the early part of 1877 I had been a constant sufferer from scrofulous ulcers or sores, which had finally reduced me to a helpless condition, as described in my letter to you in September of that year. The continued excellent health which enables me to keep house for my aged father and to enjoy life, keeps alive my intense personal interest in HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA, and I cannot refrain from expressing my gratitude for the permanent cure this wonderful medicine effected in my case nearly two years ago, while living in Lowell, when all my physicians gave me up as being in an incurable condition. One thing I forgot to close. I have recommended your Sarsaparilla to hundreds, and I think more than a thousand cases, and my faith in its invincibility in curing scrofula has become absolute by the wonderful cures it has effected aside from my own. I trust you will not be slow in making the merits of HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA known everywhere, for it is a duty you owe to mankind. With best wishes I remain very truly yours,

SARAH C. WHITTIER.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Is a skilfully-prepared compound, concentrated extract, *by a process peculiarly our own*, of the best remedies of the vegetable kingdom known to medical science as alteratives, blood-purifiers, diuretics, and tonics.

Sold by all druggists. Price $1, or six for $5. C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

GETTYSBURG.

Some Interesting War History Recently Brought to Light.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—Two letters are printed to-day which will interest all who participated in the battle of Gettysburg and all who have made a study of that battle. Gen. Doubleday, not in the way of criticism of Gen. Meade, but simply as relating the facts of the battle, said in his late history of the engagement that at one stage of it Gen. Meade contemplated retreating to a new position in the rear, which he deemed more advantageous. This statement Mr. John Swinton has sharply criticised and flatly denied. Gen. Doubleday, in response, produces among other evidence the following interesting and conclusive letters:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8, 1883.

GENERAL—Your note of the 6th inst. is received. In answer to your question I have to state that Gen. Meade, on the 2d of July, 1863, at Gettysburg, about five o'clock in the afternoon, gave me the order to get what cavalry and artillery I could as soon as possible, and take up a position in rear to cover the retreat of the army from Gettysburg. I was thus occupied until 10 o'clock at night, when I was recalled by an order from Gen. Meade. This absence accounts for my not being at the council of war held at Meade's headquarters early in the evening. * * *

Yours very truly,
A. PLEASANTON.

To Gen. A. Doubleday.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1883.

DEAR GENERAL—Your favor of the 14th instant has been received. I have not read what Swinton says in his new edition of "The Army of the Potomac," and having thus far avoided being drawn into any of the controversies about events of the war, I feel averse to writing anything on the subject. That a council of war was called by Gen. Meade on the evening of July 2 is well known. The names of all present are well known. The question submitted was, "Is it advisable for the army to remain in its present position, or to fall back." The opinion of each corps commander was asked, commencing with the junior in rank. A majority were of the opinion that we should remain in the position then held by us. When each officer had expressed his views, Gen. Meade said: "Well, gentlemen, the question is settled. We will remain here, but I wish to say I consider this no place to fight a battle."

I do not believe any officer who was present at this important meeting has forgotten Gen. Meade's words. Yours truly,

H. W. SLOCUM.

Te Gen. A. Doubleday.

BLOODY TRAGEDY

In Washington—Jealousy, Wife Murder and Suicide.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—Frederick Defrouville, a former member of the Signal Corps, to-night shot and killed his wife and then killed himself at his wife's home in East Washington.

Defrouville and his wife separated about eight months since, the woman refusing to live with him on account of his intemperate habits. Mrs. Defrouville, who was a Dane, had been employed as translator in the Agricultural Department, and lived alone. This evening Defrouville went to her house and demanded admittance. Being refused, he started to break in the door, when his wife sent a man who was in the house through the back entrance for a policeman. Before his return Defrouville had broken in the door and killed his wife and himself.

No one witnessed the tragedy, but when the neighbors, alarmed by pistol shots, entered the house they found Mrs. Defrouville dead, shot through the brain, and her murderer lying dead beside her, with a revolver in his hand. The motive of the deed is supposed to be the jealousy of Defrouville and his wife's refusal to live with him.

Paying Salaries.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—Treas. Wyman paid the salaries of members of the House of Representatives for the month ending the 4th inst. Payments were made upon certificates issued by the Speaker. Among those paid was Rep. Ochiltree, the First Comptroller having withdrawn his prohibition in this case. Payment was, however, refused in the case of Delegates Raymond and Singleton, the Comptroller having notified the Treasurer such payment would be charged against his own account. It is supposed the accounts of these Delegates will be settled in a short time.

Counterfeit Nickels.

WHEELING, April 3.—Tobacconists and saloon-keepers discovered that within a few days they have received many counterfeit nickels. They found the place where these bogus coins were made to be on Market street not far from the postoffice. Persons offered to make information, but no inducement was offered by the authorities. No arrests are yet made. It is thought to be the same gang that operated here about three months ago, but died for fear of arrest.

Sick and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—or anti bilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.

Escape of a Wife Murderer.

MILWAUKEE, April 5.—A Manitowoc dispatch says: "George Rothsack, the wife murderer, escaped from jail last night. He descended into the jail water-closet, passing along until he reached the outdoor, and made his escape. No clue to his whereabouts has yet been discovered. Telegrams for his arrest have been sent to all adjoining towns, but it is thought that he is still in the city."

G. A. R. Encampment.

DES MOINES, Ia., April 5.—The reports made to the Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic show 157 posts in the State; memberships, 4,701; new posts organized during the year, 85; funds in the treasury, $1,500. The encampment will close to-night.

Government Claims.

If you have any claim against the Government for Pension, Bounty, Back Pay, loss of horse and equipments, lost Discharge, or if you have been charged with Desertion, or have any claim whatever, send three cent stamps for blanks, to

STODDART & CO.,
Solicitors of Claims, 413 G. street, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

At the Point of Death.

A clergyman in South Haven, Mich., who had been given up to die by Consumption, and who has used his influence to induce others to try it, writes as follows: "An elderly lady here, who is now able to care to her household affairs, was AT THE POINT OF DEATH FROM CONSUMPTION. A day or two since she walked out a distance of four blocks. All the EXPRESSIONS heard were that she was NEARLY DEAD. The Oxygen is doing more for these cases than all the physicians. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, SENT FREE. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Costly Case of Mistaken Identity.

NEW YORK, April 6.—In 1882, Elizabeth Gensler, an elderly woman, made a complaint of abandonment against Herman Herman, a wealthy furniture dealer of this city. She claimed that he married her in London in 1865 and abandoned her and her child. Herman had just returned from his wedding trip when the complaint was made. The complaint was dismissed and Mrs. Gensler indicted for perjury and released under $2,500 bail. Herman at once set a detective to work here and in England. The result was that the real John Gensler has been found in Baltimore, where he is working in Chas. Hollander & Son's furniture factory. His wife has seen him, and he admits his identity and has agreed to provide for the child. He has married again, and has two children. He resembles Mr. Herman very closely. The latter has spent considerable money in clearing himself of suspicion.

A Suit for $75,000 Attorney's Fees.

CHICAGO, April 5.—The trial of Hon. J. R. Doolittle against J. Forsythe and wife for $75,000 attorney's fees in negotiation of the sale to a syndicate of a tract of land known as East Chicago, on the lake shore across the Indiana line, for $1,

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, April 12, 1883.

☞ Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second-Class Matter.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

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THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

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Circulation Last Week, 85,000.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AT $1.

All the old admirers of the Nasby Confederate X Roads letters will now want to subscribe for the Weekly Blade at $1 per year. The Nasby letters will be resumed next month.

THE BLADE'S GARFIELD PORTRAIT.

Our old subscribers are familiar with the portrait of Garfield we published during the campaign of 1880. This portrait was pronounced by Mr. Garfield as the very best lithograph published by any one, and he ordered a number of them for his own personal use. In size, it is 19 inches by 24, and if suitably framed, is an ornament to any library or parlor. During the year 1880 and 1881 we published and presented to our subscribers nearly 100,000 of these portraits, and discontinued at a time that we presumed all demands were supplied. However, during the past several months we have added to our circle thousands of new readers, and recently we have had hundreds, yes, we believe thousands of letters and postals, asking if we could supply the Garfield portrait at any price. In fact such is the demand that we have decided to re publish the Garfield portrait, *and make another free distribution*—we never have charged our subscribers for these portraits, and money will not buy them. We want to present every subscriber of the Blade, (so far as they may want them,) with one of these portraits.

Therefore, that we may obtain an idea of how many to publish, we first ask that every one of our subscribers, old or new, who wants one of these portraits without money or price, to address us a postal with full name and address, and say, "for Garfield portrait." These applications will be filed as fast as received. It will take three weeks to get the portraits printed, and in the meantime we will advise all applicants of the manner of distribution.

The Hawaiian army just about matches the American Navy. It consists of 49 enlisted men.

It is denied in St. Petersburg that a mine has been discovered under the Kremlin in Moscow.

Germany persists in carrying out the statute prohibiting the importation of American pork.

Chicago has 3,700 saloons, and a gambling den convenient to every cross street. So says the *Inter-Ocean*.

Boston Transcript: "I'm always getting things mixed," as the man said who had hash set before him 13 times a week.

Hungarians are leaving their country in large numbers because of the insufficiency of the crops to feed the population.

Lowell *Courier:* An inquirer asks us what bob veal is. It has the same relation to good meat that a "dude" has to the rest of mankind.

Gold has been discovered in Wales, and now there is an excitement over the probability of there being extensive deposits in the mountains.

Burlington *Hawkeye:* The great trouble with the Democratic party seems to be that it is like a river with a delta; it has more mouths than heads.

Mormon apostles are at work trying to make converts about Connersville, Ind. They will not probably make much headway in this day and generation.

New York has among its newspaper reporters a bright young Chinaman who reports Chinese news in that City in both his own and the English languages.

The Russian Prince Gortschakoff, who died not long ago, was the fifth one of the diplomats who signed the Treaty of Berlin and has since deceased.

The English people are sure the dynamite plot recently discovered is of Irish-American origin, and the action of the American Government is watched with interest. Of course the United States must be to blame.

When we read that the Rev. Anna Oliver said that "Many have been ruined who began lives of dissipation by dancing in their mother's parlors," we ceased to wonder why her Church grew weary of her, and brought about a change.

The Taunton *Gazette* says: The sparrows are not a match for the blue birds in a square contest. Two blue birds laid siege to a bird house and drove out a colony of sparrows recently. The squabble lasted several hours, but the blue-backs held the fort at the close of the fray.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The President, overcome by the trying duties of his position, is seeking restoration to health on a fishing excursion to Florida. He left Washington with a party of personal friends on a special and private train, made up of sleeping, drawing-room and hotel cars. No reporters were allowed to accompany the party. A number of disagreeable little accidents attended the setting out, but the trip became pleasanter as the party sped southward. Demonstrations of welcome were made at all points when it was known the President would stop. At noon on Monday Kissimee City, Fla., was reached. This is in the neighborhood of the fishing grounds he will visit, and he will remain there an indefinite number of days. Civilization ends at Kissimee City. The lower part of the State is in possession of a cowboy race known as "crackers," who herd cattle extensively over the prairie lands, and of a remnant of the race of Seminole Indians who hunt, fish and raise crops in the Everglades. The Seminole braves have come up to Kissimee to invite the President to visit them, and should he go to Lake Okeechobee they propose to have a dance before him. It is likely that the insects will drive him back in a few days, then he will return to Sanford, then across Monroe Lake to Enterprise, where teams have been engaged to carry the party 35 miles across to the Atlantic Coast at New Singrace for the famous fishing grounds off Mosquito Inlet. The plan then is to work the way up the coast to St. Augustine, where the Tallapoosa may possibly be waiting to take take back to Washington.

The place in the Cabinet made vacant by the death of Postmaster-General Howe has been filled by the appointment of Judge Walter Q. Gresham, of Indiana. The appointment took every one by surprise, as his name had not been mentioned by any one previous to his appointment. But this did not prevent the nomination from being accepted with wide-spread satisfaction. The new Postmaster General was a gallant soldier during the war, commanding an Indiana regiment in the Army of the Tennessee until he was disabled by a bullet through the leg, at the battle of Peach Tree Creek, before Atlanta. He was a strong adherent of Gen. Grant in his political career, and received from that President the appointment of District Judge for the Southern District of Indiana, a position which he held at the time he received the appointment to the Cabinet. His seat on the bench saved him from any share in the asperities of a more active connection with politics, consequently his appointment was generally welcomed.

In spite of all the beating of drums and sounding of tom-toms by the hired tooters, ex-Gov. Sprague was badly defeated in his canvass for the Governorship of Rhode Island. Bourne, the regular Republican candidate, was elected by the handsome majority (for Rhode Island) of 3,000.

A large number of municipal elections have occurred in the interior States, and of these Chicago's showing is the worst. The evil elements of the City, especially the liquor saloons, triumphed by a large majority in the re-election of Carter H. Harrison as Mayor, amid scenes of scandalous disorder and by the most outrageous methods. Chicago is barely capable of self-government under existing circumstances. Her population is of the most heterogeneous description, swollen continually by the arrival of all sorts of disturbing elements. The law-respecting people are barely a majority, if they are at all; and, as their co-operation is not secured, but prevented, by partisan division, they count for only an insignificant portion of the community. Generally speaking, the other City elections were of no particular significance. The Democrats hold Cincinnati, and again carry Cleveland, while the Republicans carried Columbus and Dayton. The Germans are still voting with the Democrats, in both Cincinnati and Cleveland, on the liquor question. In a general sense, it is declared that the Ohio results are favorable to the anti-Pendleton wing of the Democratic organizations in that State. In Missouri, the municipal elections show considerable activity of opposition to the Democrats and some Republican and Independent successes.

Great Britain has been for nearly a week past in the most intense excitement because of the discovery of the most extensive dynamite plot ever known, the arrest of a number of conspirators, and an attempt to blow up a Government magazine in Ireland. All of these things together show the existence of a revolutionary feeling far beyond what the most suspicious person had thought possible. The English police are using the utmost vigilance, and it is not believed that the plots can be carried out.

Monday the great trial of the Nihilists began in St. Petersburg. It is stated that the Crown will invoke the extreme penalty of the law against six of the prisoners. The trial of the other 26 arrested Nihilists will begin on Saturday next at Odessa.

The most important event of the week in Spain is the passage of the bill permitting affirmation in Courts of Justice instead of an oath, when it is desired. This shows the growth of new ideas in that country, which had seemed as if almost fossilized.

The Vistula overflowed its banks last week and flooded the villages of Bohnsack and Neufachr. Many cattle were drowned, the suddenness of the rise giving the owners no time to drive them to places of safety. The inhabitants have taken refuge upon higher ground, where they are suffering for the necessaries of life. The military stationed at Danzig have gone to their relief with supplies, boats, &c.

According to *La Libertad* of Mexico, Don Nicolas Zuniga y Miranda of that City has invented an apparatus that it is claimed will give notice, several days in advance, of the coming of an earthquake. Its indications, Senor Zuniga affirms, are so accurate that it will mark not only the day, but even the exact hour when the disturbance is to occur, and show what the degree of intensity of subterranean commotion will be.

The Panama Canal as projected by M. de Lesseps, is a mammoth undertaking. The date fixed for its completion is 1888, and its cost 600,000,000 francs, but it will probably take much longer, and the expense be much greater.

A TARIFF LESSON.

An important lesson—historic as well as economic—is to be learned by thinking a little upon the action of the German Government in excluding American pork and its products.

It will show us what has been a main care of civilized governments ever since there was such a thing as a civilized government. Always one of the highest duties of a government was to have a solicitous regard for the preservation and extension of markets for the products of its citizens.

Here we see one great Government summarily ruining a most important branch of commerce pursued by the people of another and a friendly Government. Prince Bismarck, with a stroke of the pen, absolutely destroys as large an amount of our foreign trade as would, in the early days of the Republic, represented the entire amount of a very profitable year of exporting. Twelve million dollars is hardly too high a figure at which to place the aggregate amount of shipments of American pork products to Germany in favorable years. There has been a time when that amount—the amount of $1,000,000 a month—would have been regarded as an enormous business for the aggregate of American shipments—all the exports of grain, tobacco, hides, furs, cotton, indigo and fish,—sent from the whole of this country to Europe.

That this arbitrary and inexcusable destruction of this immense volume of trade does not upheave business and spread bankruptcy and ruin broadcast is due to our own elasticity and other causes, with no thanks for our escape to the ruler of Germany, who loves us so little that as to be careless of how much he afflicts us, so long as it does not recoil upon his own land.

Supposing, as might easily occur with a smaller country and less diversity of resources, the pork trade with Germany was our main business commercial reliance. Then the exclusion would simply prostrate the whole country, and bring about such evils that a great war would have to be undertaken to remedy them.

Trade regulations like this have been the most fruitful of all causes of war. Venice, Genoa, Florence, and the other great Cities of Italy, were perpetually in arms to resent some interference with their markets, and later in history the English, French, Spanish, and Dutch fought for centuries over similar causes.

Out of this desire to control the markets for their products arose the lust of modern European countries for colonies. Colonies and foreign possessions could be made to trade with the home country, and England never scrupled to enforce the most stringent restrictions to keep the trade of her dependencies in her own hands.

In the past century, and during the first half of the present one, "there was no bones made" about prohibiting the British Colonies from selling their products to any but British merchants, shipping them in anything but British vessels, and buying anything in return but British goods. This entire subjugation of the colonists to the greed and rapacity of the British merchant and manufacturer was one of the most efficient causes in precipitating the Revolutionary struggle.

Fortunately we are able to protect and maintain markets for our products without resorting to the methods of European statesmen. It is not necessary to fight great wars, as they did, to break down barriers against their commerce. Nor is it necessary to plant and rear colonies, nor to conquer other lands.

We have an abundance of territory, employment and industrial opportunities for all the consumers necessary to take up and consume our surplus food.

With a country capable of supporting in comfort more people than now live in Europe in squalor and wretchedness, we should, instead of scheming to develop our foreign trade, try rather to build up that at home.

We will make a great deal more money selling $12,000,000 worth of farm products to people in the Mississippi Valley than to the subjects of Kaiser Wilhelm. It is therefore our proper policy to encourage the settlement of mechanics, factory operatives of all kinds, and other classes of consumers in the Mississippi Valley, where they will be permanent customers, always easy of access, and not subject to legislation adverse to our interests by hostile rulers. In other words, a German mechanic or mill-hand is a very uncertain customer of our farmers so long as he lives in Hamburg or Berlin. Russia, Hungary and Holland compete with us for the business of supplying him with food; at best, he buys but a small portion of what he eats, and this quantity is liable to be cut off by the hostile policy of his Government.

But if we encourage the aforesaid operative or mechanic to immigrate hither then we are sure of him. Settled in St. Louis, Chicago, Toledo, Cincinnati or some other great center, he is perforce our customer always.

This is why a Protective Tariff, which brings these consumers to our business doors, is the highest kind of statesmanship.

Lady Florence Dixie's reputation as a romancer and dreamer—especially the latter—is by no means of late origin. Shortly after the death of the Prince Imperial in South Africa she published a poem, which she claimed to have dreamed and written down six years before, minutely describing the occurence. The accuracy of the poem may be judged by the following extract:

"Hark to that horrid shriek, unearthly sound!
A hundred demons crowd upon the scene.
With horrid shrieks and yells, and features menacing
They hurl their darts at that pale lonely boy.
The scene became uncannily, fiendish yells
Incarnate filled the air. Pale unto death,
Yet all undaunted, facing his dark foes,
Defiance in those glazing eyes, despair
Stamped on that childish brow, he stands at bay,
Heroic unto death. Bright gleams the sword
That flashes green and ghost like in his hand,
Waving aloft. A hundred darts whirl round
And strike him down."

It is certainly rather queer that she should reserve the publication of her "dream" for so long a period. It did not appear until some weeks after the death.

A sharper has been advertising a sewing machine for 25 cents. A multitude of dupes sent in their money and received a needle therefor. Verily the wonder of the ways of the swindler is only surpassed by the credulity of his victim.

ILLUSTRATED BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

Our sales of this book during the past week has been larger than ever before. Very many who have not the money to spare just now, write us to lay them aside a copy. Our stock will last a few weeks longer, but we advise all who can, to secure a copy this month. For particulars see advertisement on eighth page.

THE ANTI-MALARIAL ZONE.

The subject of malaria and its influence in producing disease is an interesting one to all classes of people. Many find themselves compelled to change their homes in order to escape malarial troubles which have caused continued ill health, and the question of where those regions are found that are most free from these miasmatic disorders is a most important one.

In a late number of the *Therapeutic Gazette*, under the above title, Dr. A. Comstock, of Silver Cliff, Col., discusses the matter in a way that has attracted a good deal of attention. He has evidently given it very careful study, supplemented by personal observations.

He begins by showing that there is a widely extended malarial zone covering in Europe the entire area of modern traffic between the Black Sea and British Isles, the south shore of the Baltic Sea, the bottom lands which are adjacent to Zuyder Zee and east coast of the German Sea, together with a very considerable portion of Spain. In our own country, this taint modifies nearly all febrile attacks, or assumes a pronounced periodic form, over the entire maize bearing valleys, east of longitude 97°, and also the bottom lands, formed by the west drainage from the mountains to the Pacific ocean, involving, therefore, with its miserable contingencies, about four-fifths of the entire population as distributed at the date of our last census report.

While this malaria is not malignant and communicable by personal contact or clothing, neither does it protect its victims from further attacks, but when the poison has entered the system there is a predisposition to a renewed attack so long as the person remains in the malarial zone. A cold, or mental or physical exhaustion will bring back the enemy, who can only be routed by proper treatment or better hygienic surroundings.

This being true the next question is as to what produces malaria and what prevents it. Concerning its production, he says:

The development of this poison is favored by marshes, more especially when containing mixed salt, fresh water and resting on a substratum of limestone, clay or mud; by swampy, undrained and delta lands, extensive excavations, newly-turned soils, rains after long-continued droughts, and consequent low-water level, careless cultivation of soil, neglect of culture where vegetation is luxuriant, and is permitted to decay on the surface, in fact by the requisite combination, when present, of the essential elements—high temperature, moisture and decomposing vegetable matter.

Of its prevention he remarks:

The circumstances which hinder and prevent the generation of miasmata, are high latitudes and high elevations, drainage, sunlight, a porous soil, and cold. Of these, cold is the most powerful and the first fall of temperature below the freezing point, in any malarial region, arrests the process of development, and it does not recommence until the temperature again ranges during the day and night above 58° Fahr.

The great trouble is to find a region where there are anti-malarial tendencies, and yet where bread winning is possible. This the Doctor thinks he has found in Colorado. A series of observations made at Silver Cliff, Custer County, which is elevated nearly 8,000 feet above the sea level, showed that in 1882 the coldest days were but 6° and 4° below zero, the warmest from 80° to 82° above. An overcoat was required, in walking, during 13 days of Winter months. It rained all day on May 6th and 7th, and on June 2d. Afternoon showers began June 27th, and continued, at intervals, of from one to seven days, until August 21st. Number of days either cloudy or rainy, 27. Number of clear sunshine days, 291. The days on which an invalid (able to indulge in out-door exercise) could walk out in comfort, not impeded by snow, or mud, or winds, were, for the year, 343.

In that locality, then, and similar ones, there is an absence of the factors that combine to produce this malarial poison. Persons who are affected by it will be likely to find permanent relief only in seeking a home in the anti-malarial zone where is a dry atmosphere, high elevation, sandy soil and porous subsoil, sunlight and cold. The intuition of some lower animals, the writer thinks, may teach man a lesson of no mean value, and he refers to Dr. Heber's book on Upper India where he speaks of the lowlands as follows:

I asked Mr. Boulderson if it were true that the monkeys forsook these woods during the unwholesome months. He answered that, not monkeys only, but everything which has the breath of life, instinctively deserts them from the beginning of April to October. The tigers go up to the hills; the antelopes and wild hogs make incursions into the cultivated plains, and those persons such as dak-bearers (mail-carriers) and military officers, who are obliged to traverse the forests in these months, agree that not so much as a bird can be found or seen in the frightful solitude. It is in the extreme heat, after the rains of May till early in September, that it is most deadly. In October the animals return.

THE REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT.

It is evident that the discontents in England are managing to keep matters in a lively state by their threatened plots. When it becomes necessary to keep vigilant guard over public buildings day and night lest they be destroyed by dynamite, when the royal residences are obliged to be watched by a large force of sentinels sent thither in a private manner, in order to defeat the plots of conspirators who are known to be upon their way to them, it looks as if the revolutionary party had a vitality much stronger than had been suspected. Whether this spirit will continue in force until its purpose is at least partially accomplished, or die out under the constant watchfulness and stern repression remains to be seen.

One thing is certain. There has never been a time since history began when Europe so seethed with agitation among her working people. Everywhere they are entering a protest against any kind of absolutism, either personated by royalty or by an aristocratic class, and though there are doubtless many in the ranks of the agitators who are there simply from a love of reckless adventure, the movement is too wide-spread not to be regarded as the expression of a growing principle—that of the equality of man. It seems strange though, that enlightened Great Britain should be made the scene of such active demonstrations.

Doubtless much of this dissatisfaction with existing conditions in Europe, arises from their contrast with that of the working classes in this country. It is noticeable that it has kept pace with the growth of prosperity here, that while immigration hither has increased year after year, the discontent of the stay-at-homes has become stronger, finding vent in revolutionary proceedings, or in the case of the more conservative and less desperate part, in an effort to force legislation for the lifting up and improvement of the common people. How it will all end it is extremely difficult to tell.

DEATH OF PETER COOPER.

The announcement that the venerable philanthropist has passed away will be no surprise to those who have known how gradually he has been failing for the last few months, how the bright intellect has slowly become shadowed, and how he has quietly laid down one interest after another until he lived in the past rather than the present. He had passed his 92nd birthday some time since, but he said then that his days upon earth were now few. "It is very curious," he said that day to a friend, "but somehow, though I have none of the pains and troubles that old men talk about, I have not the same luxury of life—the same relish in the mere act of living—that I had then. Age is like babyhood come back again in a certain way. Even the memories of baby life come back — the tricks, the pranks, the boyish dreams; and things that I did not remember at forty or fifty years old I recollect vividly now. But a boy of ninety and a boy of nine are very different things, none the less. I never felt better in my life except for twinges occasioned by my nitrogen experiments," said the old man, as he took the friend's hand at parting. "But still I hear a voice calling to me, as my mother often did when I was a boy, 'Peter, Peter, it is about bed-time,' and I have an old man's presentiment that I shall be taken soon." And now he has answered the call, going to the other life at half-past three this morning.

Peter Cooper was born in New York City, Feb. 12, 1791. His grandfather and father were both in the Revolutionary War, and were very highly respected. Peter learned hat making in his father's manufactory, and thus became interested in that sort of industry. He has always been engaged in extensive manufactures, particularly in those of iron. He built at Baltimore the first locomotive engine upon this continent. In many extensive business enterprises he took a prominent part, and accumulated a large fortune.

It is, however, for his labors in the direction of educating and elevating the industrial classes in this country that he will be longest remembered. In pursuance of this object he founded the Cooper's Institute at a cost of over $500,000. This school is too well known to need description. The good that it has done cannot be estimated. Its School of Design for women, its galleries of art, its free reading room and all of its other departments have done a great work for the laboring people of New York and elsewhere. He leaves a glorious monument to his memory, better than all of the magnificent marble piles that Christendom could build.

As said before, he has been gradually but surely failing for several months past, but a cold contracted a short time since developed into pneumonia, which ended a long and useful life. He is now dead in the body, as he sometime since declared that he was so far as participation in every-day events was concerned.

"I am dying," he said to a friend one day; "I may be several months about it, possibly several years, merely waking and sleeping, and leading a sort of vegetable existence. But death has already extinguished my interest in human affairs. I am dead in all that makes man a living and energetic reality in the world."

GERMICIDE VALUE OF DISINFECTANTS.

Dr. Sternberg, Surgeon in the Army, has been carrying on a series of researches as to the values of the different disinfectants. For this purpose he used small glass flasks freed from germs by heating, filled with a soup of rabbit flesh as carefully treated. These were placed in ovens kept at blood-heat; for some time in order to develop the germs, if any existed. If this warming proved them free from any form of life they were put aside. The next thing in order was the preparation of fluids swarming with bacteria. This done each had a certain per cent of the disinfectant added to it. After they had stood two hours each flask had a small proportion of the latter preparation added to that already in it. The next procedure was to again place the flasks in a warm temperature for a couple of hours. If no bacteria developt the material under examination was adjudged a perfect disinfectant; if a few then it was ranked a grade lower and so on. The results of trial of a number are given below:

	Efficient in the proportion of
Corrosive sublimate (0.0015 per cent. solution) one part in	2,000
Potassium permanganate (0.12 per cent)	833
Iodine (0.2 per cent)	500
Creosote (0.5 per cent.)	200
Sulphuric acid (0.5 per cent)	200
Carbolic acid (1 per cent)	100
Muriatic acid (1 per cent)	100
Chloride of zinc (2 per cent)	50
Tincture of chloride of iron (4 per cent)	25
Caustic potash (10 per cent)	10
Citric acid (12 per cent)	8
Chloral hydrate (21 per cent)	5

The following appear not to have any value as germ killers:

	Per Cent.
Fowler's solution, failed in the proportion of	40
Hyposulphite of soda	32
Dried sulphate of soda	32
Sulphate of iron (saturated solution)	16
Iodide of potassium	8
Liq. zinc chloridi	8
Zinc sulphate	2½
Boracic acid (saturated solution)	4
Borax (saturated solution)	4
Salicylate of soda	4

Dr. Sternberg finds that most of the mercury compounds are very efficient germicides, and remarks that perhaps this has something to do with their value as remedies for syphilis. Iodine, which, as will be seen, is next to corrosive sublimate as a bacteria destroyer, also stands very near it as a remedy for this disease. However, the medicines' disinfectant value does not always stand in this ratio, as many of those which destroy very few germs, act as efficient preventers of their growth.

Evidently the Danish Government does not intend to allow Socialism any great liberties in that country. The Socialistic Congress at Copenhagen was ordered to be closed in the midst of one of its sessions, and the members who came from foreign countries desired to be out of Denmark before a certain day, near at hand. There was no appeal from the order.

Detroit *Free Press:* It is said that much of the recent prosperity in the South is due to the slipshod manner in which all Northern drummers play poker.

FIVE BOOKS FOR $2.

We are still sending five cloth bound novels for $2. So cheap are these books that those ordering once are sure to order again. Send 50 cents for a single volumne. Baron Munchausen, 60 cents.

Anybody can sell a good subscription book, and the best selling book of this season is "Nasby in Exile." Write the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio.

THE REASON WHY.

The New York *Herald* announces the building of an immense apartment house, expressly for the convenience of bachelors. It is not the first one of the kind that has been put up, and shows that a disposition exists among a large number of these men to render themselves permanently comfortable without marrying and making a home. The *Herald* goes on to give as a reason for this on the part of so many that the demands of a wife and family are so great in these days that persons with ordinary salaries cannot meet them. It reminds women that marriage is no cheap thing nowadays, and goes on to enumerate the requirements if any kind of position is to be taken in society.

Of course the tendency of the argument is that the girls are to blame, that the poor fellows want to marry and would be willing to live plainly, but the girls—giddy creatures—must have just so much style and extravagant furnishing and dressing, or they will not be happy.

This is the veriest balderdash. There are quite as many girls who would be willing to marry the man of their choice, and commence in a plain way using economy in all of their arrangements, as there are young men who will give up their expensive habits and exercise some self-denial for the sake of a home with the girls they love. They are quite as unwilling to be deserted by gay society; the practice of restraining small expenditures is quite as irksome; in short, their bachelorhood is as open a confession of selfishness upon their part as it is a rebuke to women for their love of display. The fault is as much on one side as the other. Many a gay and pleasure-loving girl, whose life seems made up of coquetry and dress, will develop a self-abnegation and devotion when they are called out by loved ones, that are simply marvellous to those who have only judged her by her girlish caprices.

The trouble is in society and the growth of luxury among people generally. In this country of Republican institutions no leap forward is impossible. The servant of to-day may be master to-morrow, and he therefore apes his master's dress in anticipation of the future. The possessor of thousands wants to live as if he has millions. His dress and expenditures are not regulated by his own income but by that of his neighbor who has double the amount of his possessions. A quiet, simple way of living does not give him the distinction among his fellows, nor can his wife take the position in social circles that both desire. Seeing this, men hesitate before assuming the burden of a family, for it is much easier to carry out the appearance of equality with those richer than themselves as single than as married men, and women look around for those who can give them the means to keep up with their acquaintances in show. And so the world wags on. Bachelor apartment houses grow in favor, and marriage becomes more a business arrangement than a union of two who love.

FUNERAL SERMONS.

The Rev. Mr. Blanchard, of Wheaton College, was recently invited to preach the funeral sermon of a young man who had in life been a member of a secret society. Now, it chances that Mr. Blanchard has an aversion amounting to positive and active hatred of all kinds of secret societies, and has taken every occasion for years to denounce them in the most violent manner. It would hardly be imagined, however, that he would see an opportunity under such circumstances, but he did, with the result of so shocking the feelings of a sister of the deceased as to throw her into hysterics, ending in a protracted fainting fit. He was requested to desist but refused, saying that he was *invited* to preach the sermon, and it was not until some very emphatic expressions were heard in different parts of the church, that he gathered up his manuscript and left the house. The funeral services were finished by another minister who was present.

To say such conduct was beastly is no more than all people of good sense must think, and that a man capable of such conduct should be drummed out of the ministry is equally true. It is not to remark upon this, however, that the Blade repeats the story, for criticism is needless. It is to remonstrate against the custom of large funerals and elaborate funeral services. They not only do no good, but are positively harmful. If the life of the deceased has been a pure, brave and honest one, it has spoken for itself through all its years, and no words are needed to impress the lesson; if it has been evil, that, too, is known, and it would be a merciless heart which would wound the mourning friends by reference to what has doubtless already caused bitter grief. Then the agony of sitting through what is many times utterly meaningless to them in the dark hour is frequently almost insupportable. The soft strains of some beautiful hymn, and the earnest words of heartfelt prayer will contain all of comfort that can be given.

Aside from this view of it is the sanitary one. A large proportion of funerals takes place at the house of the dead. There has been disease that has produced death. Time enough has not elapsed to allow of a thoro airing, and the atmosphere even though the sickness was not a contagious one, is not entirely free from the seeds of decay and death. Into it come crowds of people, who load it each moment with still greater impurities, and are constantly receiving it into their own systems. A half hour is the longest time that such ceremonies should last. That is sufficient to show respect to the dead, and that is all that is necessary.

The United States of Colombia has got tired of "revoluting," and turned her attention to Ecuador. A large body of troops has been sent from Bogota to the frontier, ostensibly to protect Colombian subjects. Much attention is paid to the military schools, two West Pointers having been imported as teachers, and a general desire to try their army exists. Probably quite a little squabble will result.

Cincinnati *Saturday Night:* There is a young fellow in our neighborhood who has been making a daily practice of attempting to sing, "Let me like a soldier die." He seems to crave death, and they do say that one of the neighbors who has a musket is preparing to accommodate him.

NASBY IN EXILE.

Agents are meeting with good success in canvassing for this elegant subscription book. Anybody can sell the book and make a clear profit of $5 to $10 per day. It costs but $1 for an outfit. Address Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., for circulars of description.

Royalty is a very profitable business in England, and does not trouble itself about the nicety of methods of increasing its profits. By virtue of his cousinship to the Queen the Duke of Comberland—who has not ability enough to command a regiment—gets an immense salary for pretending to be Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. Not content with this he is going to set his son up in business as a brewer for the great camp at Aldershott, where he will be given a monopoly of supplying the beer drank by an average of 30,000 soldiers stationed there for the instruction of the officers in grand maneuvers. In this country a ring like that would overthrow a pretty strong administration, but it is accepted as a natural thing in England

Gov. Butler praises Sprague's soldiership, and says he "was the only" Governor present at the head of his troops in any battle of the Rebellion." Except for the "moral effect" of some 1,200 well-uniformed men on the field Sprague and his men might as well have been at work in the mills in Rhode Island, as standing in reserve at the first battle of Bull Run. The reports go that he was quite content to smell the battle afar off, and evaded several distinct orders to move up into the firing line on more or less plausible excuses. In fact Sprague's soldiership will not bear examination so well even as Ben Butler's. Butler *would* fight, which Sprague never did.

The New York hoodlums are beginning to make a record for brutality against the Chinese that will equal that of their San Francisco confreres. This was to be expected. The New York hoodlum is as low and cowardly a brute as lives, unless possibly it be a Digger Indian, and if he can find anything to torment with impunity he lets his villainous instincts have full play. During the war it was almost impossible to get him to go to the front, but he could burn down colored orphan asylums, and fling negro women out of the windows of high buildings with a fiendish zeal.

If this rate of progress keeps up electricity will soon enable us to see our friends at the telephone as well as to speak to them and hear them speak. According to the Otago *Times*, Dr. Guidrah, of Victoria, has invented an apparatus, called the electroscope, which accomplishes this. The paper in question says that a public test of this instrument was made in Melbourn in the presence of some 40 scientific and public men:

Sitting in a dark room, the saw projected on a large disk of white burnished metal the rays of the sun at Hemiting, with its myriad hosts of active beings. Each minute detail stood out with perfect fidelity to the original, and as they looked at the wonderful picture through binocular glasses it was difficult to imagine that they were not actually on the course itself, and moving among those whose actions they could so completely scan.

The sun is a peculiar object of interest lately, as seven groups of spots have made their appearance. One is much larger than is usual, and is not accompanied, as is usual, with lesser spots. It presents the appearance of a great black tunnel, the "top" being arched, while the "base" is square. The penumbra, or shadow surrounding, is of a kite-shape, and has a rift extending from its edge to the center of the nucleus. So far it does not seem to have created any electrical disturbance on the earth. It has been seen with the naked eye, and is readily visible with a small spy-glass.

The telephone has at last entered the ranks of political conspirators and either done the South American world a great harm or a great good, just as the reader pleases. A conspiracy existed in the army to turn the present President of Uruguay out of office and raise a revolution. Fortunately or unfortunately, one of the officers involved used the telephone to talk to a brother conspirator. The former's colonel happened to answer the call and learned enough to imprison the luckless and careless wight. Of course the project has fallen through.

It is now proposed, in England, to build steam fire engines with separate and disconnected boilers. It is claimed by the builders that two horses cannot haul more machinery upon four wheels than is massed in the present steam fire engines, and this puts a limit to the increase of power. But by the change suggested the power can be treblod with only double the number of horses.

The Iowa *State Register* notes the fact that the canvas-back duck, until lately unknown in that State, is becoming plenty in Iowa's inland lakes. The same paper, speaking of all kinds of ducks, says:

This is a wonderful year for ducks in Iowa—the best known since 1860, as men of the shot-guns say. In this section even the creeks and ponds and rivers are fairly alive with them, and the luck and sport of the hunters have been so great that ducks have been a drug in the Des Moines market, and lagging for sale at 75 cents a dozen.

There is a chance for aspiring poets now. Mr. Corcoran wants a poem on the bringing back of John Howard Payne's bones to this country, and offers to come down handsomely for a first-class ode. Holmes and Whittier have both modestly refused to enter for the stakes, as they disappoint public expectation, but no consideration of this kind will embarrass the usual run of poet. He knows the public does not expect much of him.

They got up an April fool joke in Philadelphia to the effect that the Rev. Mr. Tinkwill, of London, "would preach in the chapel of Girard College." It will be remembered that the eccentric old founder of Girard College left the fiercest kind of a prohibition of any clergyman officiating about the College in any capacity.

The Allopathic physicians of New York, of the Conservative class, have obtained the signatures of 400 members of their profession to a pledge to work for the re-enactment of the old code which forbade consultation with Homeopathic doctors. It won't do. The time is past for going back in any such thing.

Nebraska is delighted with the result so far of the high license system, and will probably soon make it still higher. The license in cities is now $1,000, and the Councils may increase it as they see fit. An amendment to the law will advance it to $2,500, which will diminish the number of saloons still farther.

DO US THE FAVOR.

We want to send out thousands of specimen copies of the Weekly Blade, during April. We want names of those not now taking the Blade. We wish any or all of our subscribers would do us the favor to send us a postal with the address of just five of their neighbors who do not take the Blade. It will take but two minutes' time and we would appreciate the favor.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Rev. David Lathrop Hunn of Buffalo, aged 93, is the oldest living graduate of Yale.——San Francisco is to have a new weekly paper conducted exclusively by women. It is to be devoted to fashion and society, and will be called the Echo.——A law will come into operation May 1, throughout Russia, regulating the employment of minors in factories. Children under 12 are not to be employed under any pretence, while from 12 to 15 they must not be allowed to work during more than eight hours. In the latter case, moreover, they must attend school at least three hours a day.——The bill to exempt those who observe the seventh day of the week from the penalties of the Sunday laws of 1795 was defeated in the Pennsylvania House, by a vote of 37 to 130.——The remains of Prof. Palmer, who, with his companions, was murdered by Bedouins last November while on an exploring expedition not far from Cairo, were interred Thursday in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.——It is estimated that the Labor bill passed by the Wisconsin Legislature, imposing a fine and imprisonment in the case of the employment of children under 14 years of age, will throw nearly 3,000 out of employment in Milwaukee.——Maine has 49 cheese factories, with an average of 107 cows to each, 60 being the lowest and 500 the highest number. The total product of all these factories during the last year was 586,804 pounds of cheese, the average price received being twelve and a half cents per pound.——An Indiana State Senator writes to an Indianapolis paper that during the recent session, on one occasion, one-third of the Senate were too drunk to understand what was going on, and an adjournment was found necessary.——Vermont has two women acting as mail carriers.——There are 40,000 women in New York City who support themselves.——The present cattle drive from Texas is estimated at about 230,000 head.——There are 11 States in which women can vote for School Directors.——The Confederate graves at New Orleans were handsomely decorated Friday.——Gov. Pattison, of Pennsylvania, proclaims as forfeited the charters of 775 corporations, which have not made proper returns within three years.——Ex-Gov. Routt, of Colorado, has been elected Mayor of Denver.——The Paris Socialists, who incited the riots of March 18, have been sentenced to three years' imprisonment.——Arabi Pasha, exiled from Egypt that peace might prevail there, finds himself in the midst of a religious war on a small scale at Colombo, the Capital of Ceylon, to which he was transported, where several riots have occurred in consequence of Buddhists publicly reviling the crucifix. Order was restored by the military without the shedding of blood.——The National Theater, of Berlin, Germany—one of the principal houses of public amusement in the City—was entirely consumed by fire Wednesday. No lives were lost, and no persons injured.——Statistics of crime in the seven largest Cities of the Union, compiled at New York and based upon population, show that San Francisco leads in the number of homicides, followed in the order of mention by Cincinnati, Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston.——A deadly war of races has broken out among the employes of the Isthsmus Canal in Panama

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

Brooklyn The Eagle—The Printing Office as an Educator—Brains—The Bridge.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 5.

This great City, grown up entirely within my remembrance, is a brilliant example of American energy and progress. It seems impossible that those long lines of brick and mortar could have been piled up in so short a time and occupied by such a vast population. But not the least of its wonders is the growth of its newspapers. The *Eagle*, its leading paper, which was once under the land of your correspondent, is now recognized as one of the most valuable and stable properties of the kind in the Nation. It has recently put up a large building for the accommodation of the presses, and furnished them with all the latest improvements, among which is one that it can print, and fold, 48,000 impressions per hour. But what is particularly interesting in the history of the *Eagle* is that it has educated and trained its own managers and editors. Mr. Van Anden, its founder, was a journeyman printer, who learned his trade at Poughkeepsie. He came here, on my invitation, to work at the case in the office of the old Brooklyn *Advocate*. He sold the *Eagle* some 10 years ago for $300,000, and died a little later, worth perhaps half a million. He was a good printer, a careful manager, and had a gift of bidding on under the most serious discouragements. It was his skill and enterprise that gave the *Eagle* its success. He was not a writer, nor a man of literary attainments, but he felt his way carefully in business, and had great capacity as a manager. After I severed my connection with the *Eagle* the editor was a raw Irishman, who at first had the manners and deportment of a hod-carrier. His learning ploved to be only a few dollars a week, but he showed such great capacity as a writer that he was promoted to chief editor. He learned phonography, studied law, was a great figure in Brooklyn affairs, and died after the war, a conspicuous man, and was honored by a great funeral. Mr. Kinsella, the present editor, was a workman at the case when I was in the office. He is now a popular speaker, a rapid and prolific writer, has been a Member of Congress, and is a public man. A man of business and affairs, who has his hand on most of the important interests of the City. The paper cannot be bought, but it is worth considerably over a million of dollars.

The old Brooklyn *Advocate*, a weekly paper in which Mr. Van Anden had an interest, and which was the basis of the *Eagle*, came into our hands in 1837. Not long after we took possession a little Irish boy, very small and poorly dressed, but not ragged; came into the office and asked employment as an errand boy. He said he could read and could write a letter, and that his father and mother were very poor. As it happened, we did not want any boy of that description, but I suggested to Mr. Van Anden that, after a while, he might be employed at the case, and he was therefore told to come the next Monday and we would give him something to do. He came, accordingly, and was set to sweeping the office, picking up type and running of errands, showing both willingness and capacity. After a while a box was bought at a neighboring grocery for him to stand on, by means of which he was able to reach up to the case, and was set to learning the boxes. Having been thus promoted, he brought his little brother around to fill his place as errand boy. Pat Campbell—that was his familiar name in the office—remained at his case for many years, going, with the staff, to the *Daily News* and the *Daily Eagle*. At length he was promoted to a place in the New York Custom House, was elected Sheriff of Kings County, and now, since I have been here, I have found him in office as Superintendent of Ferries, making his way among his fellowmen with credit to himself and his friends—a sober, affable, gentlemanly man of business. His younger brother, the little fellow who succeeded him as errand boy, was last Fall elected to Congress, and will take his place in that body next December. So much for the education of a printing office.

A printing office is a good place to develop brain power, but brains are pretty sure to make their way anywhere if they have a chance. I remember a case in point, and, since I am letting loose the ghosts of my memory, I will refer to it. When I was 14 or 15 years old my father lived for a few years in Union Vale, seven or eight miles east of Philadelphia, and distant 25 or 30 miles from the Village of Rhinebeck on the Hudson River. For some reason he had occasion to go to the latter place, and I was to go with him. The wagon—it was a plain, one-horse farm wagon—had but one seat, but in other respects was of ample room. Just before we were ready to start, a poor neighbor came to the house to ask if we could take his step-son along with us. He said the boy had the promise of a place in the office of Frank Livingston, then a distinguished lawyer of Rhinebeck, where he was to serve as an errand boy and clerk; and if we would not take him he would have to go on foot. He was told that we had no place for him to ride comfortably, but this objection was not regarded, as it would be better for him to ride on the bottom of the wagon than to go on foot, and the matter was arranged accordingly. In due time the boy presented himself, with all his worldly goods tied up in a bandana handkerchief, took his place on the bottom of the wagon, and was safely conveyed to his destination. For the next few years he was forgotten, but that was not the last of him. Although I have not seen him since that day, I have often heard of him. I heard of him as connecting himself with Dr. Wilson's church in Poughkeepsie. Then I heard of him as delivering an eloquent, original poem at a Fourth of July celebration in Poughkeepsie. Again I heard of him as marrying the daughter of a wealthy and distinguished Judge. Still again, I heard of him as a member of Congress from the Dutchess County District, and, since I have been here, I have seen a lady from Rhinebeck who informs me that he is a distinguished lawyer in Poughkeepsie, moving in the wealthy and aristocratic circles of that City. So much for brains.

In my last I had something to say about the Brooklyn bridge which, after 12 years of labor, is drawing near to its completion. Since I wrote you the foot-way has been finished. It occupies the space directly above the two car tracks and has the road-ways between it and the edge of the bridge, as in the diagram below. The whole width is 85 feet.

Footway		
Roadway	Cartrack	Cartrack	Roadway

On Sunday a gang of roughs got the better of the watchman at the New York end of the bridge and opened it up to a great crowd who made the most of their opportunities, but did no other harm than to make the bridge free. As to the carpings of the ignorant about the strength of the bridge, I learn from one of the engineers that the four cables are capable of sustaining a weight of 12,000 tons, each, or 52,000 tons together. The weight of the bridge is about 6,000 tons, with a margin of 34,000 tons for the transient weights which may be on it from time to time in crossing. The cables are made of steel wire, every strand of which has been tested and each cable contains more than 7,000 strands. The height of the bridge above the water is 135 feet which unfortunately is not quite high enough for the largest ships, and occasionally a ship will be obliged to let down her top masts in order to pass under it safely. There is, however, no rare case. The engineer says that the bridge will be in just as good a condition a thousand years hence as it is now. BUCKEYE.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Our Great Philanthropist—Peter Cooper, the Man Without an Enemy—A Look at the Men Who Make Our Laws—Our Hard-Working Governor—Revising the Prayer-Book—The Chinamen Excited—Miscellaneous Items.

Correspondence of the Blade.

NEW YORK, April 7, 1883.

No private citizen, indeed no man less than a President of the United States, or possibly Gov. DeWitt Clinton, ever received such honors from the hearts of the entire people of New York as are paid to-day to the memory of Peter Cooper. His body lies in state—a poor word to apply to such a true Democrat—from 9 to 5 o'clock, and there will be a rush of humanity slowly pouring in and out of the church to take a last look at the old familiar face, set in its fringe of gray beard. In attendance at the funeral this morning were the Mayor, heads of departments and many of the Aldermen; representatives from the Union League Club, the Chamber of Commerce, the College of New York, the Cooper Union Free School, the Juvenile Asylum, the Maritime Association, the Stock, Produce, Local, and Corn Exchanges, and a score of less conspicuous organizations. While a number of public offices will be closed during the funeral hours these of the Cooper Union will be kept open, in deference to the frequently expressed desire of the old man that his departure should in no manner interrupt the routine work of the institution. Peter Cooper built the first American locomotive, and ran it successfully at Baltimore in the earliest years of railroading. As I was whirling down the Hudson river road last night at something like a mile a minute—for our engineer was determined to make up the half hour lost at Albany (and he did it)—I thought of the young Peter Cooper timidly venturing to Americanize the newly-invented locomotive; thought of the old strap rail with its dangerous "snake heads," and of being hauled up at Schenectady and let down at Albany over long inclined planes by stationery power. That was 44 years ago, and the changes I have seen are miraculous; but Peter Cooper saw away back twice that length of time, long before the present steamboat frightened sheep and cattle along the Hudson. We do well to honor his memory. He was probably the only conspicuous citizen of the metropolis who never had an enemy.

A GLANCE AT OUR LAW MAKERS.

I wasted a few days this week at the State Capitol to see how our City was faring at the hands of the Legislature. The Fare Sense is in the main a rather good looking body, mostly of solid men, but here and there the practiced eye of a New Yorker would detect a specimen of the scurvy breed known in the City as "Ward politicians." This animal invariably wears a stiff mustach, as black as the barber's dye can make it, hair cut short and also black or very dark brown, a face indicative of frequent potations, gaudy rings on his fat and greasy-looking fingers, a flashy watch and chain, and in his mouth the inevitable three-for-a-quarter cigar. Unless he is too anxious to grind he seldom speaks in the Senate, but when he does he gives the language of the pool room and the Bowery, and makes up by swagger what ought to be argument. Of course such specimens come from New York or Brooklyn. At night they loaf around the hotels, patronize the beer shops and dime theatres, and by midnight drop into the quiet corners where the disingenuous country member deposits his salary beneath the claws of the tiger.

Many of this sort are found in the Assembly, but they are all of a family. Ex-gin sellers, ex-prize ring patrons, ex-gamblers (if a gambler ever is "ex,") lawyers who rank next to shysters, fellows who have played true and false to any and every party, Capt. Dalgetty's without a touch of that old humbug's chivalry, the scum of a great City, "the canker of a calm world and a long peace," who, through the criminal negligence of our voters, creep into places that ought to be filled by respectable and responsible citizens, or at least by gentlemen. Country members fight shy of these strange animals, and for the most part get into their beds before the dyed-mustache brigade goes forth in search of poker and plunder.

A SQUAE WORKER.

Our Governor is a remarkable man in many respects. First, he is a bachelor, and never goes into society—doubtless through fear of the snares that may be set for him by the old maids and widows, of whom Albany has an alarming number. The Governor keeps bachelor's hall in the Executive Mansion, half a mile from the Capitol, and comes and goes from house to office on foot and unattended. By eight in the morning he steps into the Executive Chamber, greets his dapper little Secretary with a smile, and sits down to his heap of correspondence. On his right hand frowns the portrait of the Father of his country and the full length figure of Lafayette, who must have been the homeliest man of his age. Behind is the likeness of George Clinton, who was the last royal and the first Republican Governor of the State; while on the left is a portrait of Wm. H. Seward, painted when he was a young and really handsome man—which no one who saw him during the war would even suspect. Gov. Cleveland sets to work methodically and conscientiously. Every bill or document is carefully as though it were his own last will and testament. He is a lawyer, and therefore has little need to seek outside advice. He has already vetoed many bills, but most of them were of trifling local importance. The greatest opposition to his work thus far came from the veto of the Five Cent-Fare bill, which here in New York was thought to be a strong stroke. But the calm sense and cool judgment has convinced the most violent that the Governor's reasons were sound. An amusing illustration of the facility with which lawmakers fall in with popular clamor was shown in this case. The Fare bill passed the Assembly almost unanimously. It was "the people's demand," and your average politician's knees always smite together when he hears the voice of "the people." To vote against the bill was thought to be political damnation. But when the Governor set down upon the bill, and thereby built a great hedge behind which the knee-shakers could hide, nearly one-half of the members flopped right over and metaphorically snapped their fingers at "the people." On the whole our bachelor Governor has done very well. There is a refreshing firmness about him, a sort of Jacksonian "I will take the responsibility" that gives him strength among the better class of people.

ANOTHER REVISED EDITION.

In 1880 the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church appointed a committee "On the Enrichment of the Book of Common Prayer." The committee consisted of seven bishops, seven priests, and seven clergymen. They have made many alterations in the liturgy to bring it up to the standard of the age. The present liturgy went into operation October 1, 1790, and only two alterations have been made since. For many years past changes have been suggested at the annual conventions, but none have been effected. The revision now completed will not be made public until the meeting of the General Convention in October next.

TROUBLE IN CHINATOWN.

The main settlement of the Heathen Chinee in this City is in Mott street near Chatham Square, where 30 or 40 old fashioned dwelling houses serve them for shops and saloons. There, of course, go all their own countrymen and such outside barbarians as desire to purchase Celestial wares or climb the celestial golden stairs on the buoyant wings of burning opium. The region is usually quiet and dull, but now is all alive with excitement. It seems that three or four rich Chinamen have quietly bought these old houses, with a view of improving the shops and ultimately monopolizing the Chinese trade. The little men are furious, and threaten all sorts of vengeance; but they will submit—they cannot help themselves. Isn't it odd, though, to find your lamb-like Chinaman to be just as greedy and grasping a monopolist as Jay Gould.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

The weather is not very Spring-like—it is raining and rather cold; a sort of "December lingering in the lap of May," if I may be allowed to quote that famous line correctly.

Bridge-opening is to be one of the things to be "in the near future"—and the abomination in words.

For a wonder, the City has got a verdict against railroad corporations that refused to pay taxes, and the Treasury will benefit by a million of dollaes. The corporations fought all the way to the Court of Appeals.

Some zealot is trying to outlaw the "Passion Play" by getting a law of the State to prohibit any exhibition "of any person known in the Bible as a Deity." That would shut out old Moloch, for sure. ZENO.

KANSAS AND ILLINOIS.

More About Their Qualifications as Homes for Settlers.

To the Editor of the Blade.

ATHENS, Ill., April 6.

Something peculiar about that word "Can Sass," and can't they sass! Like the old woman, they will have the last word or "bust." There is also something peculiar about a large class of the population of "Can Sass," one of which is they are the greatest set of truth-twisters that ever lopped clods. I don't mean that they are bad folks, thieves, highwaymen or anything of the kind, but on the other hand they are generous and kind, but they will fib when it comes to talking about their country. When I bade farewell to my friends they said, "Now, plase 'Kansas,' don't tell how bad our country is, brag for us, tell 'em back yonder, it's the best country you ever seen." That's their style. Really I did not want to tell about the big cracks in the ground, so wide that a fence rail could be laid in them, if they had such an article there, nor the big sunflowers that nod and bend in the breezes, and choke out the crop, nor the centipedes and tarantulas, nor the grasshopper that "chirps over the grassy mound" and is liable to come any and every year, nor how they freeze and shiver with only wood enough to cook with, nor the blizzards that sweep over that wind-whistled State, nor the hot winds from the deserts that desolate the whole country in 24 short hours, nor of a hundred more disagreeable things.

I thought I was very generous in my first note and did not expect to "draw the enemy's fire." The reason so many people stay there is that they can't get away. I will say, you who emigrate to Kansas, remember, and don't forget it, your money is your best friend. I repeat what I said in the outstart, Kansas is no farming country. Southern Illinois beats it 150 per cent., and I believe I would be safe in saying 300 per cent.

So my advice to those drought-eaten, grasshopper eaten, saffron-colored Kansans, is to better your condition by moving where you can raise something of everything every year, and be somebody. "KANSAS."

FLORIDA.

Another Letter From the Flowery Land.

To the Editor of the Blade:

GENEVA, ORANGE COUNTY, Fla., March 20, 1883.

I was much pleased with your correspondent's letter from Mt. Dora, Fla. I must say for him that for once he has had his eyes and ears open and is one of the few who have a right to travel and report what they observe. His conclusions about Florida are correct and not written with the intention to deceive. I suppose you are all anxious to know to what particular drawbacks I alluded to in my last letter. The principle one is the poorness of the soil, but that may not be so much of a drawback, either. I believe that if the soil was as strong as in the Northern States it would be all but impossible to penetrate into the interior. Even on this poor soil in many places you will go a long way around in preference to passing through. It is as "Mt. Dora" says, you must lay aside all your agricultural experience and begin anew. This land will not bear the plow, but if you will let it alone it will stand a drouth that would ruin you. The land in its natural condition is more open and of fairer tilth than it is possible for you to make yours, but if plowed and hoed too much it will dry to the bottom of the furrow and a rainfall of one inch will not wet it over one-quarter inch deep, under that, indeed, it will be as though there were no water in existence. After a few hours it will dampen down through, to immediately dry out again. The water does not run off, and what becomes of it I know not, but for all this some things grow unaccountably, especially fruit, that is, oranges, lemons, limes, pineapples, citron, grapes, and figs. They must one and all be fertilized, and as the commercial is cheapest, we use that. My grove is now high, fine land. The trees were all set in May, 1880. I have 600 trees set, 25 each way. We have used up to date two tons of commercial and one ton of bone dust. The trees have been and are doing satisfactorily. They were all budded in the nursery, and at least 500 of them bloomed this Winter. Manufacturers of fertilizers recommend the use of one pound the first year, with an annual increase of one pound to each tree. That is about the quantity I have used, and found it sufficient. Northern land would require more than that. What we want here is men who can teach us how to manage this soil and when that is once understood the profits of its cultivation will be enormous. Another difficulty with this country, and in fact with the whole South, is the utter inability to do business as you are used to doing it North. It does you no good to kick, you cannot hurry, drive or coax it. You are in Rome and you must do as Romans do. It will take two men to do the running around to keep one busy, and half the time he will be looking after or waiting for the others, and whats the use of being in a hurry we have all the time to do it in.

In the poor soil and the slack way of doing business, lie the principal drawbacks to the settlement of this State, but this will soon be remedied, and land that is now buying for $5 per acre, will bring fabulous prices. And right here I wish to say to "Typo," please stop calling "hammock land" "hummock." I got the same impression that many of you have—that the hammock lands are uneven and hummocky, but all land that hardwood timber grows on is called hammock, and the surface is as even as woods in general. It is utterly impossible for any one to understand Florida, without a visit. Everything is so entirely different from any other part of the world. We have nothing to compare it with. I have thought many times, the best way to compare it is by the rule of contrary.

Do you have devastating floods? We do not. Do you have cyclones and tornados? We do not. Do you have thunder-storms? We have about 30 in a month for the year as you do for the day. You raise grain. We do not. You have tame grass. We do not. You have milk. We do not. You have small fruits. We do not. You have good roads. We do not; and so I might go through the list. In our settlement, at Geneva, we number 300. During my residence, now going on four years, there have been but four deaths, two of which were those of children, one or two years old and two more that came very sick, as we might say, to die. There are no darkies among us and a more quiet and law-abiding community does not exist anywhere. There is the usual amount of gossip, incident to all small communities, but no drunkenness, rowdyism, political or religious proscription. I told you that I was enthusiastic upon the Florida subject, and I expect we will find the old garden somewhere here yet. My reasons are that the climate is most pleasant, the fruits the best the world produces, and as for health the last census shows that the death rate for Florida in 1880 was 10 per 1,000 inhabitants, and for Orange County but five per 1,000. Is not that near the locality where death never entered? When you take into consideration the number of sick that come here, it is wonderful. When it is once understood that Florida air is a panacea for lung and throat troubles, and the water for kidney diseases, it will become the invalid's Mecca. But not for lung troubles. When consumption is fairly seated, when you find yourself wasting away, daily growing less in weight, do not come. Stay among your friends. It will not prolong your life a day; but if there are changes in weight at times, gaining and losing, come—for there is hope of entire recovery.

To quote again from the Mt. Dora letter, "Who will be the one to build the first hotel for invalids—not in a philanthropic spirit, but but because there is money in it?" We have one of the best sites in the country—high, dry, and easy of access. I will guarantee it to be healthy—soft water, pure air, and no malaria. There is no intervening land higher than this point between it and the Atlantic, 18 or 20 miles distant. The prevailing winds are from the east, and you get the full benefit of the sea breeze directly off the Atlantic, tempered by the Gulf stream and the intervening pine forests. Some of you may think I am too anxious in this matter, but I am not. If I could make the old, the world-weary and the invalid understand how entirely adapted to their wants this climate is, I should be satisfied. To those of this class who have an income sufficient this ought to be a paradise, but as yet it is no place for an invalid without money. It is a new country and there is no way of earning anything but by downright hard work. All ought to know something about this health business, having practiced medicine for many years, but I must close by saying that in my next letter I will have something to say about the productions of this locality, and also in reply to the many questions asked.

G. A. HEATH.

SCHOOLS.

More About Those of West Virginia.

Correspondence of the Blade.

RIDGEVILLE, W. Va., March 31, 1883.

I saw in the BLADE of a recent date a communication from "Dan," writing from this Postoffice, in regard to an appropriation for a geological survey of West Virginia, and I infer from the tone of his letter that he thinks it would be money thrown away if appropriated otherwise than for the education of the people. Now, I beg leave to differ from my friend "Dan" concerning the distribution of the public money of West Virginia.

In the first place, the Legislature of this State has appropriated money for the diffusion of knowledge among the people, and now we want help to develop the internal resources of the State. West Virginia is underlaid with immense deposits of iron ore and coal and fine building rock is found in almost every locality, and with a little encouragement the above named articles would be unearthed in greater quantities than now, and sold at fair prices in the Eastern markets, thus giving remunerative employment to a vast number and adding wealth to the State and giving things in general an impetus to which we have heretofore been strangers.

What could be of greater importance to our State than a thoro geological survey? Capitalists would know then just where to invest to yield the greatest profits.

Down in our back Counties where nothing is heard but the bark of the fox, the hoot of the owl, the purr of the panther, and the hiss of the rattlesnake, there the underlying seams of coal would be mined and carried hither and thither by the iron horse, which would soon penetrate that at present unprofitable domain.

"Dan" must have taken a superficial view of the subject. I undoubtedly would delve the plow-share of investigation deep down into the sub-soil of truth and turn it up to the light of reason, for if ne had done so he would have reached a far different conclusion.

I'm a Republican and believe in popular education, and a compulsory school law, too, but when the proper authorities deem it beneficial and necessary to set aside a sum of money that will promote the power and wealth of the State, I say let us have it, no matter who thinks to the contrary.

DON.

ILLINOIS.

Things in Hamilton County.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

DAHLGREEN, March 10th, 1883.

Some of the readers of your valuable paper wished me to give them a full description of Hamilton County, Illinois, as to crops, soil, productiveness and the nearness of railroad station, size of town, the quality of water, churches, schools, etc.

First—The soil of Hamilton County is a black loam with a clay subsoil, is rolling, clear of stones and boulders, and gives a good yield of all grains and fruits.

Second—Dahlgreen is a railroad station 10 miles northwest of the County seat and 90 miles southwest of St. Louis, and is on the Southeastern Railroad, and has seven stores, two churches, one merchant mill, three blacksmithshops, two hotels, one hardware store, one drug store and one furniture store, Odd Fellows hall, two grain houses and all the other conveniences of any other country Village.

Third—Churches and schools are handy all over this County. Our schools are free and have a six month term in Winter, with three to four months in Summer.

Fourth—The timber consists of all kinds of the oak family, hickory, ash, elm, walnut, wild-cherry, maple and some few of other kinds of timber mixed in. Coal is no object, being plenty in all parts of the country. I should have stated this part of the country is mostly timber-land, with only now and then only a small piece of prairie.

Fifth—Water as a general thing is good and easy to obtain. We have but few springs and mostly use well or cistern water. Good water is generally obtained in digging from 15 to 20 feet and is mostly soft.

Sixth—The Winters are mild, short and pleasant with no cold weather in Fall till Christmas. Spring opens up in March. The cold hardly gets the murcery lower than 15 to 18 degress below zero, and the heat in Summer is hardly ever higher than 96.

Seventh—Health is very good here, in fact as good as any country I have ever been in, and I have been in several states and lived here some 14 years and have not seen nor heard of any more sickness here than in other localities and States which have been much praised as the healthiest parts. Milk-sickness I have not seen nor heard of since I lived here.

Eighth—Unimproved lands can be bought for from $7.50 to $10 per acre; improved farm lands from $12 to $25 per acre, according to improvements and locality.

Ninth—Milch cows sell from $25 to $40 each; road horses sell readily at from $100 to $120 each; stock and hogs 5 to 6 cents gross; corn, 40 to 45 cents per bushel; wheat, $1.00 to $1.05; oats, 30 cents; potatos, 50 to 60 cents per bushel; carpenter's wages, $2.00 to $2.50 per day; common labor, 75 cents to $1 per day, $15 to $20 per month.

JOHN Q. ADAMS.

KANSAS.

More About Its Merits, as Compared with Illinois.

To the Editor of the Blade:

BRIGGS P. O., Davis Co., Kan.

I see a letter in the BLADE from Illinois, written by some one who signs his name as "Catch On." It appears that he has had a dream concerning the past history of Kansas, when the hungry grasshopper defied the emigrant to molest him or make him afraid. It is very evident that Mr. "Catch On" has not heard from Kansas lately, or else he would know that there have been, within the last two months, men out here from Illinois buying car loads of seed corn and paying $1 per bushel, shipping it to Illinois to be planted there in the shade of the weeds. I have no doubt but there are men in Kansas to-day from Illinois, buying horses, cattle and hogs to take to Illinois to breed from. Kansas is no more behind. She is up and progressing, and if not already, she soon will be, ahead of any other State in the Union in good stock and agriculture. There has been a good deal said about Kansas, and the bright, as well as the dark side has been exaggerated. A true description of this County has been given by a letter written by Francis Greene, of Junction City, and published in the BLADE of a late issue. That letter was no exaggeration. It is true, the wind is blowing to-night, and let her blow, it is cheaper than patent medicine and much healthier, it penetrates through the pores of the skin and on the opposite side drives out all impurities found in the body. Kansas winds are the best blood purifier, and in the Summer time when it is warm and we follow the plow all day, instead of the dirty perspiration running down our faces and falling from the end of our nose, we are as cool as if we were in the shade of an apple tree with "prettyGemima" by our sides with a palm leaf fan.

I came here six years ago in this month, from New Albany, Indiana. I came here "busted," with a wife and one child, and my health was very poor, the trouble with me being weak lungs, hurting me so a few days before every change in the weather that I could hardly stand it, my weight at that time being 135 pounds. I now weigh 175 pounds, with my lungs never hurting me except when I take a very severe cold. I might encourage some one who is thinking of trying the West if I were to give my experience, progress, etc., in Kansas, but this being my first letter for publication and fearing that I may write more than will be of interest, I will withhold my experience for the present. But this is truly a healthy country. I have never had any occasion to call the doctor to see me or family but once since living in this State. But one time or one call from a doctor in this country during a lifetime is sufficient, the way they charge. The dread of a doctor's bill here is fearful; but there is some consolation to know that the doctors in this country can scarcely make a living, with all their high charges, they get so little to do. But Kansas is prospering. The farmers have plenty of corn, that is selling for 40 cents per bushel, and hogs at $6.75 per hundred gross weight; work-horses from $40 to $150, and cattle—cows from $25 to $40 and upward, owing to grade; steers coming two years old, from $25 to $35. Cattle raising in this country is the best business; it is a sure business and a paying business; and the cost of raising is but little, compared with other business, during the grazing season, which generally begins about the middle of April and ends the 1st of November. Our cattle feed on somebody else's land, and then when the time of year comes round to make hay, we go out on somebody's land and cut some prairie hay and then we cut our corn fodder. This feeds us through the Winter. Sometimes if the weather is very severe we feed a little corn. Very few make any kind of sheds for their cattle, but always make it their object to find a sheltry place to make their corral sheltered either by timber, brush, or bluffs, the latter being easily found, but they are convenient, useful as well as ornamental.

A. L. VOYLES.

KANSAS AND ILLINOIS.

The Respective Merits as Homes for Farmers.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

In the BLADE of March 15 is a letter bearing the above title, and signed "Kansas," in which he advises home-seekers to stay away from Kansas. The comparisons he makes between the two above named States is too absurd to let go unnoticed. He says that "Kansas is no farming country," and that "all the farming land is on the river-bottoms." That is all the merest "bosh." Clay County last year averaged 30 bushels of wheat to the acre and from 40 to 50 bushels of corn. Many fields of corn made as high as 80 bushels to the acre.

It is true that bottom land is better for corn than upland; that is the case in any country; but the upland is the best for small grains, nevertheless. I have myself raised 50 bushels of corn to the acre on upland, and I doubt not many of your Kansas subscribers have done the same. He says: "Poor men, with but $500, stop before you go and be sure you don't go to Kansas." Well, I came to Kansas six years ago with less than half that amount, and to-day I am the happy and undisputed owner of 80 acres of as pretty and as good land as there is in any of the Counties he invites settlers to. I have teams and implements to farm it with, all out of Kansas soil. Illinois is without doubt a beautiful State, but to say that it is 150 per cent. better than Kansas or Nebraska, is saying too much.

I have traveled several times across the State of Illinois, but I never saw such large cribs of corn, or such fine heads of cattle as I see almost every day in our own "great State" of Kansas. OHIO BOY.

Clay County, Kans.

IOWA.

Advantages of Emmet County.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I notice in your valuable paper numerous inquiries concerning the climate, soil and products of different States and Territories, and being a subscriber of the BLADE, I write to assist those seeking fortunes and pleasant homes.

I am living in Emmet County, Ia. This County is situated in the Northern tier of Counties, and is the fifth in number from the western State line. Till within the past year we have had no railroads, consequently our rich resources are comparatively undeveloped. Our climate is dry and healthful, and such diseases as ague, asthma and lung troubles are unknown.

Our soil is fertile, being a deep, black loam, and is very productive. Our farms produce corn, oats, flax and sorghum in abundance. The prairies are beautiful, rolling, and produce luxuriant sweet grass, thus making our County especially adapted to grazing. Cattle and sheep are very successfully raised here. The County is drained by the Des Moines River and tributaries. There are several small lakes in the County. Our lands are very cheap. Good prairie land is selling at from $5 to $8 per acre. Estherville, the County-seat, is a thriving, growing Town, splendidly located on the east bank of the Des Moines River. We now have two good railroads through Estherville, thus bringing good markets to our doors. Both food and fuel can be bought at reasonable prices. Wood is found in abundance on our streams, and coal is delivered at our doors for $4 and $5 per ton.

Easterville, Ia. J. B. BINFORD.

PENSIONS.

An Old Soldier's Views on the Subject.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

The hue and cry against the pensioners of the late war has been echoed and re-echoed throughout the length and breadth of the land, and more especially by the Southern press. It is becoming more and more distasteful to every true lover of our Union who appreciates the valuable services of our soldiers. The object of all this must certainly be very apparent to every sensible man, and that is, to throw discredit upon the men who lost their health and were otherwise disabled in the discharge of their duties as soldiers and place them in the estimation of the country as a lot of political bummers, similar to many of our officials who feast and fatten at the public expense. Another object is to deter other deserving soldiers from urging their claims, for fear that they may be with their comrades in arms held up to everlasting obloquy and reproach; and still another, to bring reproach upon the cause in which they were engaged, even though it saved the Nation's life and honor, and just in proportion as it is lowered in public estimation, raise that of its opponents. In my estimation, Mr. Editor, the Nation owes a debt of gratitude it can never pay to the surviving soldiers or their families, who have evidence of an honorable service. Never mind the extent of their disability—always providing that it should be proportioned to the extent of the disability, and in no case tendered as a compensation for services rendered, but as evidence of a Nation's gratitude.

I have the honor to belong to the great army of pensioners, so-called, and on receiving (as I consider it) $10 per month as a slight expression of gratitude on the part of my country for the four years and nine months continuous service in all the grades from that of private to Captain. Can any sensible man suppose for a moment that I consider this compensation for the wounds I bear, but more especially for ruined health and the habits of life that have almost unfitted me for the ordinary pursuits of life. The idea is simply absurd. Why, I have been in places battling for the lives, rights, and property of men who grumble at pensioning the soldiers, where they wouldn't have staid one minute longer than was necessary to get away for the salary and emolument of the President of the United States, and where I would not have gone myself had it not been for my sense of duty to my God and my country. Mr. Editor, all the pay that could be conferred could never compensate for the sufferings of the long, forced marches in the heat of Summer, when with blistered feet and burning throat, encumbered only as Joe Hooker's pack mules ever were. I toiled painfully and upheld only by the reflection, but of what? pay or pension in the future, No, no, not as God is my judge, but that I was upholding the honor of that dear old flag. I could recall perfectly well this "hue and cry" is apparently directed only against those soldiers who by misrepresentation have had pensions conferred upon them, and the men who are agitating this matter excuse themselves by saying: "Oh! we don't object to pensioning deserving soldiers, oh no, not at all—only the dead beats and hospital bummers—the men who constituted the rear guard, etc. Those are the ones we refer to"—but with these men it will be found nine times out of ten, that their idea of what constitutes disability is very limited as applied to others. If they were personally interested it would be considerable. The loss of an eye, a finger, a toe, a bullet wound through the arm or thigh, a few varicose veins, a rupture, etc., are mere trifles in their estimation in the case of a Union soldier. But how much would one of these carpers ask to be paid to suffer from one of these disabilities, and more especially to undergo and experience the circumstances incident to acquiring it.

Now, in all candor, Mr. Editor, it seems to me that if it is not the intention of the country to disgrace its soldiers and make them ashamed to own that they have served it, and regret the time spent in its service, this "hue and cry" should cease.

J. B.

Kansas.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

Other states are inviting those dear people called emigrants to come into their parlors and enjoy the riches in store for them. Their agents are in Europe and at Castle Garden. Their handbooks are freely scattered to the four winds, each describing the glorious future of each and every one who only goes there.

As an old settler, I want to say, with your kind permission, a good word for Kansas, the garden of the United States. Kansas needs not, nor has she out, either in Europe or Castle Garden, any agents, but she is filling up rapidly with intelligent and industrious people.

Holton, the County-seat of this County, contains about 3,000 inhabitants. It has a a university, which cost about $25,000, an excellent public school, which cost about as much, and nine churches. Kansas beef, pork and grain command the top figures in Chicago and St. Louis, and the palm of superiority was awarded her fruit when brought into competition with her sister States. We have no lands to give away, we want neither loafers nor tramps among us, but we always welcome the industrious poor, and to families of means no better investment can be found anywhere than in this promising young State.

I am not an agent nor interested in emigration, but will gladly answer any questions to parties who inclose postage to

J. E. HOGG,
Circleville, Jackson Co., Kan.

Settlement of the Northwest Territory.

MARIETTA, O., April 7.—The 95th anniversary of the settlement of the Northwest Territory was celebrated by the Pioneer Association here to-day. The principal address was delivered by the Hon. George B. Loring, Commissioner of Agriculture. After dinner Governor Foster delivered a short address. Douglass Putnam was elected President of the Association. This year's celebration was held as a prelude to the celebration of the centennial anniversary in 1888. R. W. Chidlow, D. W. Caldwell, and E. C. Dawes represented Cincinnati. It was determined to make the 1888 event a grand demonstration.

What Has Happened Before Will Happen Again.

The event has occurred again. It was certain to happen. The 156th Grand Monthly Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery took place on time as it always does, on Tuesday, March 27, and the following happy result was elicited: Ticket No. 8,561 drew $75,000, the capital prize. Among the holders of fractional parts of the winning ticket were J. Allen Gilbert, a well-known bookseller at Allentown, Pa.; J. J. Dwyer, of Handsom's Depot, Pa.; F. E. Callender, of St. Louis, Missouri. $1,000, the second capital, $25,000, was drawn by ticket No. 29,967, held in fractional parts to A. Rauscher, Morristown, N. J.; last ticket from Ocala, Fla. Third capital, $10,000 was won by No. 30,995, held in fractions costing $1 each, to O. Allan Pfeiffer Canal street, New Orleans, and F. A. Hatlow, Chicago, Ill. There are a few winners who were cheated, who have withheld their names, but $265,000 was scattered under the sole management of Gens. G. T. Beauregard, of La., and Jubal A. Early, of Va., who will do the same thing on Tuesday, May 8, 1883, of which M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., will furnish all information.

A splendid offer to introduce these Elegant and Fashionable Decorations, the handsomest goods in America, we will send this lot by mail for 50cents, silver or stamps, one Japanese Napkin (elegant design, 8 sheets), one Japanese Tidy (floral design, 8 sign, 8 colors), one Japanese Gossamer Handkerchief (lace design), and three Art-tile Chromos. Japanese Novelty Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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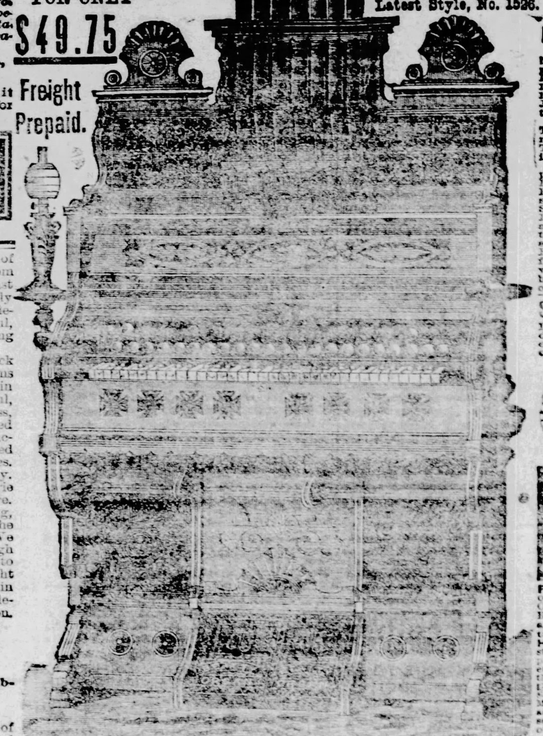

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The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Instead of the regular paper in the series, I will this week answer a few of the questions in regard to the subjects discussed. The following is from a member of the HOUSEHOLD, who says some kind things about the "Health and Beauty" articles, and then proceeds:

I have a few questions I am very anxious to have the editor answer, as they are of much importance to me, and I believe they will be a help to many others similarly situated. Is it absolutely necessary for one to bathe every day? Now, I have no bath room neither bath tub, and when I desire to bathe in a warm room as I always do, I have to bathe in the sitting room, and can only take a sponge bath at that. It is impossible or almost impossible for me to bathe upon rising, as I build the fire in the sitting room, and by the time the room is warm breakfast is ready. Of course I cannot bathe then. My forenoon is all employed, and likewise my afternoon. I can never make it convenient to bathe only once a week. Am I very filthy, and do I violate the laws of Nature to such an extent that I cannot be healthy? I am not strong, and my physician does not approve of people bathing too often, so I have rested comparatively easy. I think I know what the editor will say. It is this: To do as my physician tells me. I am not under his care now, and I am very anxious to know if a person can be healthy, that is, enjoy as good health by only bathing once a week, as they could if they bathed every day.

Is it injurious to bathe just before eating? After I bathe I rub the whole body briskly with a dry flesh brush.

I fear I have made this letter too personal but I do hope the editor will see fit to answer it through the columns of the BLADE. —TEETOAD.

It is *not* absolutely necessary to bathe every day. If you will look back you will see that I made that statement. In fact it would be almost certain death to many people. Where persons are robust and hearty a daily bath is a luxury and a benefit. In place of that, however, you can rub yourself with a flesh brush or what is better, a towel prepared with salt as I described to you. If you have not leisure to do this when you first get out of bed—and that is decidedly the best time—then take a few minutes for it just before retiring. The sitting room will be warm then, and you can have an air bath while rubbing. I have found this, whether done night or morning, extremely beneficial.

A sponge bath will do excellently well if there, if you have no bath-room. By rubbing yourself as I have described you may be healthy with but one bath a week, altho two would probably be better.

It is not well to bathe just before a meal, altho nothing like as injurious as immediately after. A little time should be allowed for reaction before another function like digestion is set up.

I do not wish to offer a criticism upon the excellent papers our editor has given us upon "Health and Beauty," yet I would like to make a plea for the hungry little children. I think she says, January 18th, they ought only to eat at regular meals, the exact hours I forgot. Now, in my mind, there is a difference of opinion.

In the first place, people who have arrived at an age of maturity do not need the nourishment for growing which the children require. They have their physical growth and mental development to sustain, and with their activity—for who ever saw a lazy child—add outdoor exercise they gain an appetite and sufficient power of digesting, and when Nature calls for food I believe it ought to be supplied. I do not think it right to pamper the appetite with cookies and other such wants, but a piece of bread and butter will satisfy if hungry, and recuperate their strength for another romp.—L.

Our correspondent did not understand me. I did not mean that children should not eat oftener than adults, but that they should eat regularly. It is an easy matter for them to get into the habit of "piecing" at all sorts of times, and tumbling in upon the half-digested mass in the stomach fresh food for the latter to go to work upon and assimilate with what is already there. Children may have good digestive powers, but it is easy to disorder them, as may be seen by consulting the mortality tables anywhere. Give them something to eat when they are hungry, but if you have always been regular in the arrangement of their habits of living, their bodies will voice the necessity of food at regular intervals, and then it should be supplied. Children often call for food if they chance to see it, when not absolutely hungry, and it is no kindness to indulge them at the expense of weakened digestion.

I do, with much interest, read the serial "Health and Beauty," it is worth ten times the cost of the BLADE to me. Will you kindly answer: Does it interrupt the digestion to take a siesta after each meal? I feel very much afraid to do so.—READER.

It would certainly *not* be well to go to sleep immediately after each meal. It *is* well, as I said before, to remain quiet for a half hour or an hour after eating, engaged in pleasant conversation, or in whatever will not task the brain or body. In sleep the functions of the body are all diminished in vigor, and naturally that of digestion must be also. Occasionally in the Summer when the noonday meal has been taken, a *short* nap may be well, but remember, it must be short, or it will be apt to become a sort of heavy stupor, from which it is hard to arouse oneself, and which is an injury rather than a benefit to the body. What may be called dozing, a half awake, half asleep kind of state indulged in for awhile is the best.

Will the author of "Health and Beauty," in the BLADE of March 8, please inform us where in the Good Book we can find the quotation, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."—C. W.

If by the Good Book our correspondent means the Bible, it cannot be found anywhere therein. The quotation is one of Wesley's wise sayings and is contained in his sermon on Dress. Frankly—for an open confession is good for the soul—I was not quite certain when writing just where it did belong, but placed it thus indefinitely with the intention of making sure before the article went to press, and then—well, there is no use denying it—I forgot it until too late. It is needless to remark that the above is not the only inquiry of the kind I have received. The *Household* is evidently determined to hold me sternly to account for even an inferential statement.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decorations.

Home-made Cover for Stands.—Take a square of light blue fashion drapery and trim it with several rows of black velvet ribbon, feather stitched on. Then finish the edge with a fringe made of split zephyr of a color to match. The whole cost is very little, and the effect is exceedingly pretty.

Lamp Shade With Dried Flowers.—Cut out five pieces of Bristol or perforated cardboard 12 inches square, and taper each to 2 inches at the top. If plain board, cover with glazed paper or thin silk; then towards the lower edge cut out ovals as if preparing to insert photographs. Now, on 6 pieces of white or tracing paper arrange specimens in compact little bouquets, gum them in place, and shield them either with net or a piece of tracing paper. Gum one of these sheets behind every oval, and frame, if preferred, by pressed leaves touched up with gum. Scallop the top of every section and finish off the lower edge with lace or fringe. Connect the five sides by a colored ribbon, pasted on at the back in such a way that the edges are kept half an inch apart to allow of folding the shade. Another way is to bore holes along the sides and attach them by narrow cord lacing terminated with tiny tassels.

Ladies' Crotchet Hood.—Germantown wool, 1 skein; single zephyr, 1 skein.

Make a chain of stitches large enough to reach around your face, knit some open work for about an inch, then knit plain crochet stitch, for the rest; taking the back part of the stitch, knit back and forth until large enough, making it a little narrow in the back—that is, shaping it to the head by dropping a few stitches on each side as you proceed. Then sew it up at the back, full-ing a little at the top of the crown. I made my cape of shell work. For the border use the single zephyr. Take two large needles, cast on eight or ten or more stitches, according to the width you like for your border, knit across plain, then wind the thread around the forefinger of the left hand four times, and knit in every stitch, every other time across, knitting every other time across plain, bringing the fringe all on one side. Make a narrower row of fringe for the top, passing over from one ear to the other. Finish with ribbon bows.—CLARA L. COVELL.

Will some one please send me a pattern for knit shawl, through the BLADE?—CLARA.

Daisy Chair Tidy.—Take fine bleached cotton cloth, cut out 48 pieces by taking a teacup and marking around it with a pencil. Turn the edges neatly and gather up, not too closely with a strong thread, flatten them smoothly and take corn colored worsted for the center, making it look like a daisy. These are very pretty and will wash. —CLARA.

Collar.—This is the way I make my "every day" collar: I take a strip of white muslin two inches wide and just long enough to meet around my neck. I fold it lengthwise, round the corners on the two edges, double in the rough edges all round. Then I take a piece of imitation valenciennes lace about half an inch wide, and sew muslin and lace "over and over" together, fulling the lace on as I sew. The lace wants to be fulled more around the rounded ends of course. This collar fits in the neck of any dress, is neat, quickly made and "done up," and is withal pretty. —NELLIE W.

None Such Quilt.—I come to tell you all how I made what is called a "none-such" quilt, pieced out of flannel or any woolen or silk goods. Take a sheet, and commence at one end in the corner. Tack down pieces just as you have them, all sizes and shapes. Go across the end, and then stitch them on machine. Tack down another row on top, and so on. When done, you will have a quilt that is considered nice and very odd. Put in batting and lining, and quilt or tie with bright colored yarn.—ANNA MC.

History of Silk in the United States from Reliable Sources.

[Continued.]

BY NELLIE LINCOLN ROSSITER, SILK CULTURIST.

He also sent to the society a copy of the work by the Abbe Sauvage on the rearing of silk worms. A committee having been appointed by the society to frame a plan for promoting the culture of silk and to prepare an address to the Legislature praying for public encouragement of the design, they proposed to raise a fund, by subscription, for the purchase of cocoons, to establish a filature, and to offer for public sale all the silk purchased and wound off at the filature, the produce thereof to be duly accounted for, and to remain in the stock for carrying on the design. A subscription among the citizens was immediately set on foot and the sum of £855 14s. obtained the first year;* eggs and white mulberry trees were imported and a digest of instructions composed, published and distributed. Until the white mulberry trees were fit to allow of their leaves being plucked, "the worms were fed upon the leaves from the native trees," and were found to agree perfectly well with them, and to yield excellent silk. "It is believed that all this time was produced during the continuance of the society was from food furnished by native trees." A spirit for the silk culture was excited among the citizens, and many garments are still possessed by families, which were made by silk raised by their forefathers. The War of the Revolution put an end to the patriotic association, and suspended, in a great measure, the silk culture, there being no longer a sale for cocoons; but many persons continued their attention to it, and others resumed it after the termination of the war.

The knowledge of the proper mode of rearing silk worms, and of winding the silk, was greatly promoted by the publication of a paper on those subjects, in the second volume of Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, of Philadelphia, which the late Dr. John Morgan, procured from Italy, through a silk merchant house in London.† During the last three years, a spirit has been revived, and diffused in the subject, and a disposition to increase; and there can be no hesitation in saying that a ready sale of cocoons is alone wanting to establish the silk culture as a regular employment in several States of the Union. It was the want of this market which defeated, in a great degree, the patriotic attempt of Mr. Nathaniel Aspinwall, of Connecticut, about the year 1790, to revive the silk culture in Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey. But his memory deserves to be held in everlasting and grateful remembrance, for the thousands of white mulberry trees which he planted in those States, and for the commendable zeal he exhibited in the cause.

In Connecticut attention to the culture of silk commenced about the the year 1760 by the introduction of the white mulberry tree and eggs of the silk worms into the County of Windham and Town of Mansfield, from Long Island, New York, by Mr. N. Aspinwall, who had there planted a large nursery. He also planted an extensive nursery of the trees in New Haven. He was chiefly active in obtaining of the Legislature of Connecticut an act granting a bounty for planting trees, a measure in which he was warmly supported by the patriotic and learned Dr. Ezra Styles. The premium was 10 shillings for every 100 trees which should be planted and preserved in a thrifty condition for three years, and three pence per ounce for all raw silk which the owners of trees should produce from cocoons of their own raising within the State. After this public encouragement for raising trees was found unnecessary, a small bounty on raw silk, manufactured within the State, was continued some time longer. A statute continues in force requiring sewing silk to consist of 20 threads each, two yards long.‡

*The loss of the minutes of the Society prevents our knowing the amount subscribed in Mansfield and Windham. The proceedings of the British Government in respect to the silk culture in the Colonies, that, in the year 1732, an act was passed for the "further" encouragement of the growth of silk in North America, granting the sum of £2 for every £100 value of raw silk raised for the next seven years, and smaller bounties during the two following periods of seven years. But no mention is made of this act by Dr. Franklin in his letter, nor does it appear that any premium was ever claimed by the Society in consequence of it.

†This excellent paper has been copied in all the British and Scotch Encyclopedias, and was reprinted in pamphlet, at Windham, Connecticut, in the year 1790.

‡Gov. Wolcott's answer to the Silk Circular.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Correspondence.

MR. MICAWBER SPEAKS.

You may call me Micawber,
Or some other name,
Whether black, white, or yellow,
It is ever the same;
I look me a wife, as every man should,
And as far as I can I try to be good.

Now Mrs. Micawber,
She comes out in rhymes,
And for no other reason, but to cheat,
My good name maligns.
I come to the scene, in pure self-defense,
And can show there is always two sides to a fence.

What is my wife doing,
While I am away?
For I'm off at business
The most of the day;
She reads, plays, and sings, and runs out of doors,
And when I come home,
She goes to mopping the floors.

My better half says she came in despair,
To the arms of the HOUSEHOLD,
For aid and repair,
And "Poet" comes forth and speaks with a vim,
Saying, "Why, Mrs. Micawber,
Just hit him again."

And now, gentle friends, I ask your advice:
Be impartial umpires,
'Twixt me and my wife;
But, really, I think it would not be wrong,
If the lady should scrub
While her husband is gone.

—FRITZ.

SHE TRIED IT.—Oh dear, that washing! I said a long time ago that I would never try another easy plan to wash. But F. P. Eskridge, Ark., threw out such a tempting bait I bit and got bit. With a broad smile on my face I put on my water and when it was hot soaped my clothes and put them in to boil the dirt out while I did up my housework, thinking how easy that washing was going to be done. But alas! that smile vanished when I took them out. They were yellow, dingy and dirty. I had hard rubbing and boiled again, and the only consolation I have is that cream color is fashionable. As I hang those clothes on the line I thought happy is the woman that can do her washing with so little labor. I think there is only one way for me to wash and that is by main strength, and I am not overstocked with that useful article. I do not want to find fault with the lady. I think she sent the recipe through kindness to her own sex, knowing herself what a burden wash day is to many. But it failed to be a success with me. Hope if others try her plan they will report.

"Housekeeper." I am glad to know you only had the blues when you wrote your first letter. But we had better bury our sorrows, for the world has its share.

When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown.
I find it is the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile when'er you can.

"Florinda," your letter stirred up sweet memories of my old home in the Sunny South. How often I have wished for some of that beautiful moss, of which you spoke. I send greetings to "Loyal Daughter." She lives in my old native State, I think; near where I lived in East Tennessee.

Can any of the many readers of the BLADE tell me where I can get a machine for rooting hair?—LYDIA, Ainsworth, Ia.

A WORD TO SEVERAL.—There is nothing in the HOUSEHOLD which I read more eagerly than the articles on "Health and Beauty." That on bathing in particular pleased me. I never knew before why it was injurious to bath immediately after eating. People will say: "Don't bathe or go in swimming right after eating," but unless persons knows why they should not, they do not heed the advice.

Phebe T. Bowman, I believe as you do that a person has a right to live until they die with old age. I remember when my grandmother died, she was 85 years old and was as free from disease as an infant, and was up and around the house until within a few hours before she died. Finally she laid down upon her bed and quietly went to sleep.

"Frank," I pity you, way out there on the plains; or in the mountain I do not know which, but it seems as though you ought to be in better luck, but I presume you will soon be rich enough to come East and get some one to "build fires for."

"Michigan Girls," I admire the way you talk to those saucy fellows. Would like to hear from you if you have no objections. I used to live in that State myself.

"Housekeeper," I do not blame you one bit for not liking to do such work. I can stand the cooking well enough, but do not like to wash dishes. I had rather make good baking-powder biscuit twice a day than to bake bread.—HELENA.

CITY AND COUNTRY LIFE.—Having lived in both City and country and knowing something of life in both places I do not feel disposed to let "Walnut Groves'" letter pass without remark. One not knowing City life and judging by her letter would think it one of comparative ease. She gives the case of her friend as an example. Suppose I had written a letter setting forth the delights of country life and the dark side of City life. Suppose that I had given as an example the case of my neighbor around the corner. She gets up at 4:30 o'clock in the morning and I do not know when she gets to bed. Her husband is a day laborer and must be at work at 6 o'clock. They have three children living, two of them babies. Besides doing her own housework, working in the garden and raising poultry, she washes and irons for other people, and last year, before the last baby came, she used to go out cleaning. She is trying to help pay for their home.

"Walnut Grove" may say this is an exceptional case. No more so than that of her friend, and there are many whose lives are harder than this woman's. The truth is the extremes of wealth and poverty meet in the cities, and the extremes of ease and hardships. All women in cities are not like "Walnut Groves'" friend—the wives of rich men, or daughters of rich parents.

I do not think it is hard work that kills our farmers' wives, or breaks them down in health; neither do I dispute that they are not so strong as our average City wife. What then, if you ask, is the cause? It is the lack of outdoor exercise, lack of social advantages, lack of something to stir them out of the old beaten tread-mill path. Farmers' wives and daughters know little of the pleasure of a brisk walk in the open air. Perhaps they know what it is to walk briskly about the house, but "daily constitutionals" are not mentioned in their philosophy. If perchance they go for a walk they return tired out and conclude walking does not agree with them, simply because the muscles used in walking, through disuse, are not in working order. Many farmers' wives do not go six rods from their own doors for weeks at a time, and see no one to speak to except the members of their own families. Many of them are so accustomed to staying at home that they do not care to go when they can; and when they could go otherwise they can not work and they dislike to ask their husbands to take them and so stay at home.

Look at the difference between the farmer and his wife. His work calls him out into the pure air and health-giving sunshine, and Nature aids her influence to invigorate his body and mind. Besides this he has innumerable errands that take him into contact with others. He must go to the wagon-shop, or to the blacksmith shop, or to the city; and in all cases he meets some one to talk with and exchange ideas with, and it helps him every time, though he may not know it. Farmer's wives may not only be shut out from social intercourse with others, but often have no books with which to feed the hungry mind.

There ought to be a good circulating library and a literary society in every country school district; not a library of novels, but good standard books—histories, biographies, science books, books on art, etc., and, of course, some good novels.

Many farmers wives have not even a flower garden that is worth so much in many ways to all lovers of flowers and everybody ought to love them and cultivate a love for them. Do not say you havn't time to care for flowers if you could have them. Let something else go uncared for. Farmers' wives like other wives do many things not necessary to be done. I made up my mind some time ago that it was unnecessary to do a thing that did not add to the happiness, comfort, looks, health or well-being of myself or others, either in the doing or in the result. One of these things is ironing every day undergarments, sheets, dish towels, etc. Because everybody else does, or because we have always done a thing yourself, is not sufficient reason for doing it.—WIFE OF A GOOD HUSBAND.

A QUESTION.—I do not concur in "Walnut Grove's" view concerning boarding hired men. Why should she work so hard in order that her husband may have less to do? It is very kind of him to permit it that he may occasionally have a holiday. Pray, where are *her* holidays? I also have "hands" to board, but I do not like it. Home is not *home* to me where there are "outsiders" in it. And now I am going to horrify some of you. I hope there are a few who will coincide with me. This thought was also suggested by "Walnut Grove's" letter. I think it is an imposition to have one's home invaded, in season as out of season, by any chance acquaintance whose whim or convenience it may suit to come. Now, when one has to spend time which might be so much more pleasantly and profitably employed, entertaining people to whom one is entirely indifferent or perchance one who is disliked, it seems to me a great pity, and a great waste of time. I should like the opinion of the HOUSEHOLD on this subject.

"Housekeeper," I consider me your friend. I like home-keeping. I like everything else it has its vexations, which are doubtless meant to teach us patience, perseverence and the other Christian virtues.

"Kitty," what is the matter with my ginger cookies? They puff up beautifully, but at the last minute fall perfectly flat. I have tried them mixed both hard and soft, but with like results. Please, what is wrong with them? Is a collapsed state the proper one?—CYNIC.

GOOD ADVICE.—Clean up your door yard? Yes, do; and, then, for health's sake, if for no other reason, keep it clean. Burn all the worn out rags and shoes, old rags that are useless, and everything else that is combustible and of no more use. Throw all the refuse of vegetables in the swill pail. Nothing is more unhealthy than the back yard for your broken dishes and worn out tin-pans and pails. When you sweep, take up the dirt and throw it in the fire; don't sweep it out to be brought back in the house by the first feet that it comes in contact with. Have stepping-stones laid in all the paths that are in frequent use, and so keep the feet dry and clean. Clean out your woodhouse and make a bonfire of all the old chips and rubbish that is sure to collect there during the Winter. Yes, clean up your yards and outhouses, and **then, by** the use of a little tact **and forethought, you** can easily keep them **clean, and you will be** amply repaid by the **neatness** of your yard and the purity of the atmosphere.

To the lady whose poetical complaint appeared some time since, I will say, the next time your "worser half" appears when you are mopping, just ask him, in your kindest tone, with your sweetest smile, to bring you a few buckets of water, or ask him to please scrub one part of the room while you are mopping up the water in the other part. If he helps you so much the better for your back and arms, but the chances are 10 to one he will disappear as quickly as he came. —WHIRLWIND, Glenwood, Idaho.

OIL PAINTING, No. 2.—With the editor's consent I will give you a lesson or two according to my leisure time. Oil painting is a very interesting art and an art that I very much admire. In my last letter I said I would tell you how to make a mill board and a table easel. Mill boards are of all sizes, from 6x8 inches to 24x30 inches, and the prices are from six pence to three shillings each. Academy boards are similar, but thinner and cheaper, and may easily be cut to what size you desire. Oil sketching paper, which is only drawing paper covered with two or three coats of paint, is cheaper still and for beginners is most useful. It must be fastened with drawing pins to a board when used, or if a very small sketch, it may merely rest on a board or book. I prefer the boards to canvas. With the addition of a small dipper or gallipot, a few clean rags, and a table easel, our materials are complete. A large easel that stands on the ground is only fit for a studio. A table easel is much better and handier, and can be made by any carpenter. It will fold up quite flat and pack at the bottom of a box. I don't know as I can tell you plain enough so that you can make it unless you have seen one, but I will try. It should be 18 inches high, 15 inches wide at the base, seven at the top, 20 long for the leg, 22 for the stand. This is provided with holes and the leg has one iron point at the end, which fits into the holes and regulates the inclination of the easel. A loose, grooved bar of wood 18 inches long rests on two pegs, which are placed in the holes in front of the easel. This supports the picture.

The palette must be prepared for use by rubbing into it as much raw linseed oil as it will absorb. Repeat this for two or three days and then rub it dry with a rag. Now the colors will not sink into it. Your subject must be sketched on the millboard before you begin your painting operation. A fine, light pencil is best for small work, but chalk or charcoal is generally used for large subjects. Let your lines be few and light as possible, and make the drawing very carefully, that you may not be troubled with alterations when you begin to paint.

Now mix up in your dipper the "vehicle" which is a preparation of oil and varnish used to temper the colors and make them work pleasantly. There are many kinds of vehicles. That known as meglip is what I prefer, and is made by mixing equal parts of the mastic varnish and lightly drying oil. Stir it for a few moments and it will become like jelly. Make no more than you require for your day's work. Half a teaspoonful of each is enough. Now set your palette, that is squeeze out of the tubes portions of color about the size of a small nut, and lay them along the upper edge of the palette, beginning upon the thumb side, in the following order: White, Naples yellow, raw sienna, burnt sienna, light red, Indian red, vermilion, terra verte, amber, blue and black. You have thus ample space for mixing with the knife the various tints on the lower part of the palette. White (ivory black is combined with all colors as they are required lighter or darker).

To make any tint take on the point of the knife a small portion of meglip and the colors you want. Mix them on the palette, scrape them up and lay in gradation. The following is a set of flesh tints for a head or figure: Lights—white and a little naples yellow; white, naples yellow and vermilion; white, vermilion or light red. Middle tints—white, black and vermilion; white, black and Indian red; white, terra vert and a little vermilion. Shadow tints—black, Indian red and a little under tint of pearly blue we see under the eye is produced by white vermilion and ultramarine. For the greenish shade on the forehead and complexions of sallow persons the terra verte tint is lovely. Having the palette now set you are already to begin to paint. Place your picture at a convenient height, so that you may not stoop to it. The left hand holds the palette and the rest or marble stick rests your right hand, the hands should be at some distance from the body and the artist should sit rather erect. It is better to copy at first from a painting, matching the tints as near as possible by holding them close to the original on the knife. A very good practice is to copy from an engraving and use your own tints in painting.—BRIDAL ROSE.

FROM A SCHOOL MA'AM.—I can't send the HOUSEHOLD any recipes for making cake, nor tell which is the easiest method of washing, but I do know how to do a great many kinds of fancy work, and I thought maybe some of the sisters might be kind enough to tell me how to do "South Kensington" stitch in embroidery. If some one will send me a little sample with a few stitches worked I will gladly send them directions and sample of any other embroidery or lace desired.

I'm one of the "school marms." I was very much amused by the "rating" our poor profession received from "Humbug." Judging from the inelegant expressions and colloquialisms of "Humbug's" communication, as well as its total want of logic, it is safe to infer that some teacher in the past has most ignominiously failed to inculcate certain ideas into "Humbug's" head that the said "Humbug" might have made useful.

Did this "Humbug" ever think that such families as she writes of are not the rule, but the exception? I have had a large and varied experience in teaching, and during 19 terms of successful work cannot recall more than five or six families out of the whole number who sent pupils to my school that ever trained their children in any branches of study at home. Most parents have wisdom enough to know that a child's mind as well as his body needs rest, that six hours of school work is sufficient without cramming him evenings. When children are physically well developed and have reached the ages of 12 or 14 years they may be kept studying two or three hours in the evening, but such confinement for young pupils is positively harmful.

I have taught in the primary schools of New York, Wisconsin and Nebraska, and find that little children, when confined for only four or five hours, will learn just as much in that length of time as they will if confined longer. I think the experience of most primary teachers will agree with mine.

I hope some of the BLADE readers will want to exchange point lace patterns with me as I have some very pretty patterns and would like to obtain others. Will also send full directions for oil painting to anyone sending me postage.—Address, FANNIE T. BRADLEY, Springville, N. Y.

Inquiries.

We want a good music teacher in our Town, as there is no one that pretends to teach music. Now, what I want is some one that would like to teach a class and work for their board, as I would like to have them make it their home at my house, but am not able to do the extra work it would make unless they would help me. I hope this will reach some one that has their own resources to depend upon for a living, and one competent to fill this position. I will give any information I can about the matter to such a person.—Box 10, Danbury, Woodbury Co., Ia.

Can some one of the many readers of the BLADE tell me where poll parrots are kept for sale and the price of the birds?—MRS. K. S., Frankfort, Mich.

Can any of the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD give directions for crocheting tidies, as I should like very much to learn? I tried pattern for lace edging in BLADE No. 5, and think it very pretty.—MAUD ESTELLA, Gaylord, Kan.

Will some of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD please send me Sunday School papers or anything to read? I read to my grandma every evening. I have read everything I have got. Also some pieces to put in a quilt. I am piecing a quilt.—M. C. S.

Will the HOUSEHOLD give the address of Charles Colgrove or his sons, Louis Willard and Frank Colgrove. They formerly lived in Dubuque, Iowa. I wish the information sent through the HOUSEHOLD department, if any one knows them.—MRS. M. A.

I wish to know whether the book entitled "The Forest Rangers," is still in print. It was written by Count Cotlinbury, an old-time Toledo man. I would like to procure a copy if one could be had. It should be republished if out of print, as it contains much information of interest concerning the early times in the Maumee Valley.—MRS. S. L. CAREY, Oakwood, O.

It is out of print.—ED.

Will some kind reader of the HOUSEHOLD send a few autograph verses, with his or her address, by mail, to Miss Anna Van Wickle, Astalie, Pickaway Co., O.? In return they will receive some verses.

Will you please find Tom. P. Templeman's address, through the BLADE, as I haven't heard from him for five years, though his own brother-in-law is Sam A. BEDELL, Ellinwood, Barton Co., Kan.

I would like to have M. E. Gready explain the "Magic Scale" more definitely. Where can it be bought, and at what price? Can I learn to use it by instructions that will come with it, or will I have to be taught by some person? This is the first time I have heard anything about it. Where can I get the seed for the wild cucumber? Should they be planted in the Fall? To the lady that wanted us to try her way of washing (that is, to boil the clothes first)—I have tried it and like the plan very well.—MRS. F. BUCHANAN, Concord, DeKalb Co., Ind.

I write you to get some information about raising canary birds; would like explicit directions. I would like so well to have some little token from all the HOUSEHOLD sisters—a little piece of silk, or worsted, to make a quilt, a card with name on. I will hold you all in grateful remembrance. Will send something back as far as I can. Our little girls are trying to get all the advertising cards they can. Would like some of them.—MRS. ZO. F. SALISBURY, Sparta, Morrow Co., Ohio.

Would some of the readers of the BLADE like to enter into a correspondence with me? I live in the country where it is very lonesome, and although I have plenty of work to do all the week, the Sundays are very long and lonely, as there are no neighbors or churches here that a person can go to so that I would like to write to our correspondents to help me pass my leisure hours. Address—CHESTNUT BURR, Beersheba Springs, Grundy Co., Tenn.

Will some reader of the BLADE send me patterns for darn net? I will send postage for them.—LEO, box 235, Glenwood, Ia.

Will "Novice," the lady who has no end of patterns for darning on nets, also the lady who has sunflower and large gourd seed send their address on postal to MRS. Mc. box 191, Bellevue, Ia?

In your issue of the 15th inst., one of the HOUSEHOLD inquires: "I want some information about incubators." I, too, want to know what to use for making one, and what is the plan or draft for it; one that will hold 200 eggs or more.—JOSEPH H. SCOTT.

Could any reader of the HOUSEHOLD, residing in Michigan, Iowa, or any of the Western States, furnish respectable employment for a couple of young men, aged 20 and 21 respectively, of perfectly moral character. Employment in or near a town preferred. Correspondence solicited through the BLADE, or by letter. Let us know through the Household Department, and we will send our full address.—J. & E.

Answers to Inquiries.

Two or three inquiries have been made in regard to postage upon authors's manuscript. It is a cent for every two ounces, the same as third class matter. The package must of course be left so that its contents can be inspected if desired.—ED.

What is necessary to become a member of the HOUSEHOLD? Mother thinks that you have a chosen few of the many readers of the BLADE, who write under different names. How is it?—JOSIE JUNE.

Your mother is mistaken. Our correspondents are just as many as the names given, and there are very many who, to our great regret, are crowded out every week. All that is necessary is to write and if it is to the purpose at all, and we can make room for it, it will appear.—ED.

If "Hannah Benson" will state what kind of scraps she wishes for her charm quilt, I will send her some. I will say to "Handy Andy" that I received the patterns she sent me, but although I sent double postage she did not send the patterns complete, there being only a part of the elephant and couch pattern sent me.—L. J., Oakdale, Ill.

In the BLADE of March 8th, Hattie E. Tiffany inquires for a remedy for white worms in plants. If she will place small pieces of camphor gum in her pots, it will kill the worms in a few days.—MRS. HARRY BAKER.

If MRS. ROBIN will use gum ammoniac, dissolved in vinegar, she will find relief from her chilblains.—MRS. FRANCIS MAYO, Windsor, Ottawa County, Kan.

Squirrel grease will cure "Bonnie Lassie's" salt rheum.—F. M.

I saw in the HOUSEHOLD that a lady in Wisconsin would send the pattern of a Centennial pin cushion to all who would send stamps to pay postage. I sent a stamp to her some time ago but have not got the pattern yet.—MRS. AMY DOLVIN, Penhartford, Butler County, Iowa.

I will stop long enough to tell you how I keep up the supply of "greens" for my bird. I have house plants and sow bird seed around them. It sprouts very soon and when about two inches high I pull it up and feed it to him. He seems to enjoy the rootlets as much as the green top. He never has seemed so perfectly well or sang so much as this Winter. Ladies try it.—LIBBIE.

Will you please, through the HOUSEHOLD, thank the ladies who gave so kindly responded to my request for patterns of animals, etc.?—MRS. FANNIE CAMPBELL, Michigantown, Ind.

"Keystone State" can obtain a book of patterns for knitting of the Nonotuck Silk Co., Florence, Mass. Do not know the price.—A. DEFOREST.

Please mention in the HOUSEHOLD department that I have the Congressional Globe from 1856 to 1861 inclusive, and oblige JOHN MCMILLEN, E. Greenville, Stark Co., O.

Please say to Cora White, that she don't want to use hair oil of any description, but a good brush, but if she is obliged to use anything let it be rain water. I have not had a particle of "grease" since I left the army in '65, and I have as fine a head of dark brown hair as any one could wish, hardly any gray, although I am over 40 years old. I have often wondered why there were so few lady barbers. There are three or four shops in this City run by ladies, and they are a decided success. I patronize them because I like to encourage them in earning a good honest living. When I go into a shop run by a man the table is generally covered with "Police Gazettes," "Day's Doings," and papers of that stripe, but the lady's shop is very tidy with their heads uncovered and their toue and bearing is far different from that in a male shop. Let us hear from some of the ladies on this subject.—A FRIEND OF THE LADIES.

If MRS. M. J. GIBSON will write to MRS. Nellie M. Malbott, North McGregor, Iowa, she may find out something about the children of Luke and Mary E. Farwell, as she is one of their children.—M. J. WEBSTER.

Please tell Hannah E. Benson that I will exchange scraps for her charm quilt for the song entitled "Poor Nelly Gray," provided the music accompanies the words. Shall the pieces be calico or worsted? If agreeable, address Box 238, Litchfield, Mich.

If Hattie E. Tiffany will take 1 tablespoonful of copperas, dissolve it in 1 pint of boiling water, then add 3 quarts cold water and apply to the roots of her plants once a week, being careful to keep it from the foliage, she will not be troubled with worms in the dirt, nor insects of any kind, and will find it one of the best invigorators ever tried.

If the ladies asking for bed-quilt patterns and autograph quotations are not supplied they can be by sending to the following address—LIZZIE TUCKER, South Thompson, Geauga Co., O.

Correction to "The Feather Pattern Tidy" —Cast on 131 stitches for a good-sized tidy. "126 stitches," as given March 22, will not come out even, and was a mis-reckoning on my part, for which I beg pardon.—MINNESOTA DAUGHTER.

Please let me state to MRS. Tobin, of Nebraska, that for chilblains, if she will cut a hole in a piece of ice, heat rosin over it as hot as she thinks it will bear without flashing, pour it in the hole in the ice, stir until cool, add a small amount of kerosene and turpentine and anoint afflicted parts twice per day, heating in some 10 minutes each time, in three day's time she will shout "Excelsior!" I have used the above prescription for several years and have never known it to fail. I know it to cure a case of frost bite of 10 years' standing. But it will not prevent a return of the evil, if exposed to severe cold.—M. J. BURR.

I will here, for the benefit of the readers of the BLADE, give a cheap and easy cure for measles: A German family of my acquaintance consists of parents and eight children, the oldest about 14 years old. A short time ago seven of the children were taken sick with measles. The father is a very stingy and tyrannical man, and thought he would, if possible, avert a doctor's bill, so they put two beds up in the kitchen, then the seven patients were put into the two beds and covered with feather-beds. He then procured some alcohol and made hot sling for them. In this way they were compelled by the use of a stick always kept in readiness by the parents, who kept a close watch by the beds to see that the patients did not get uncovered. In a few days they all came out well, but I doubt if they smelt like strawberries, as filth is the prevailing order with them. This recipe, although seeming ridiculous, may be of benefit to some one, if you think it worthy of a place in your columns.—M. C. B.

Will you please say to Jennie Blake: If she will get rabbit oil, warm it, and put one drop in the ear, it is a sure cure for earache, as I have tried it.—A NEW SUBSCRIBER, Humboldt, Allen Co., Kan.

Will you please tell how to prepare mulled egg for the sick?—F. E. B.

"Old Dr. Carlin," in his Recipes, gives the following:

Beat the yolk of a fresh egg in a coffee-cup, put in cream and sugar, then fill the cup with tea or coffee, stirring rapidly to keep the egg from curdling. This makes a light and nourishing breakfast for an invalid.—ED.

Recipes.

Layer Cake.—Two eggs, 1 cupful of sugar, 1 cupful of flour, 3 tablespoonfuls of water, 2 teaspoonfuls of cream tartar and 1 teaspoonful of soda.

Cookies.—One cupful of butter, 2 cupfuls of sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in 3 tablespoonfuls of milk. Splendid.

Snow Flake Cakes.—Three eggs, 1½ cupfuls of sugar, ½ cupful of butter, ¾ cupful of milk, 2 cupfuls of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, 1 teaspoonful of soda; bake in jelly tins; frost each layer with whites of 2 eggs beaten together and sprinkled with cocoanut.—CLARA.

Molasses Cake.—One pint of New Orleans molasses, 1 cupful of lard, ½ cupful of sweet milk, 2 teaspoonfuls of soda, dissolved in the milk, a little salt, just flour enough to roll out and bake in small cakes. Try this and see if they are not just splendid.

Sweet Johnny Cake.—Three cupfuls of buttermilk, 1 good cupful of lard, 2 cupfuls of sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of soda, a little salt, 1 nutmeg grated. Use one-half Indian meal and one-half wheat flour. Stir quite stiff, pour it in a large dripping pan and bake, and if your husband does not call you blessed, then "Aunt Judy" will not trouble you any more.—AUNT JUDY FLANIGAN.

Fruit Cake.—2 cupfuls of brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cupful of butter, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 1 cupful of molasses, 2 teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one cupful of milk, 1 cupful of spices, all kinds, 2 cupfuls of raisins, 5 cupfuls of flour, 1 cupful of currants. —ADDIE STEARNS.

Cookie Recipe.—One and one-half cup of sugar, 1 cup of lard, 1 cup of sour milk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon, ½ of a nutmeg, 1 teaspoonful of soda, and a little salt. They are splendid, try them.—EGLANTINE, New Sharon, Iowa.

Earache.—Put a pinch of ground ginger in a half teaspoonful of lard. Heat it over the fire for a moment, then drop two or three drops in the ear and put in cotton. Repeat in morning if nec

The Farm.

This department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address must in all cases accompany the communications.

Some Corrections and Other Things.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

For the benefit of those asking for information regarding "Bee Business," I would like to have some corrections made. In my letter which appeared in the BLADE of March 22, "Business" should have read "Bee Business" and "improved agriculture" should have read "improved apiculture," etc. There were numerous smaller errors, but the above corrections will perhaps suffice to give the readers a better idea of my meaning. I also noticed one more error which should be corrected. "Turnips 82 per bushel and grow fine here," should have been "parsnips, etc." By the number and tone of letters that come pouring in at present, we will have a fine colony here in a short time. One agent from Wisconsin, who was attracted hither by my letter, has purchased two very pretty, improved farms, with good fruit and spring water, at about 35 per acre; he returns Monday to bring his family. He seems delighted with the prospects and expects to start a store here and will, I think, keep the postoffice, as we are soon to have one on the Ridge; and I now think the prospects good for a school, as there is a teacher coming here on account of his wife's poor health, at the close of his present term in a public school in Ohio. The prospects are also good for a saw and grist mill in our neighborhood, and as the tanbark business is beginning to move the people to lively action, I think business will be good here this Summer. I expect to see 100 cottages go up here this Summer, and what we want most is some good man to put up a house to accommodate visitors. There are a great many wealthy people at Chattanooga and other Southern cities, who would like to send their families to the Ridge during Summer vacation, where they can enjoy the mountain breezes, fine water the beautiful scenery, etc., and in all my travels in the South, not even excepting the "Switzerland of America," the mountains of Western North Carolina, I have never seen a more desirable location for a Summer resort than can be found at the brow of the Ridge, between my place and Graysville, overlooking the Sinnnin Valley and Mission Mountains of North Carolina, etc., while there are the finest springs, both chalybeate and freestone in abundance. Around the bluffs there are grand sights, beautiful beyond description. I often spend a day in exploring these bluffs. In some places there are subterranean passages where one can ride a horse in for many hundred feet in different directions. In some places one can look out at the top, a distance of about 100 feet, and at intervals you come to cross-roads, and at some of these there are large rooms, and numerous fine springs in them of pure, sparkling water, and clinging to the crevices of these rocks are many varieties of beautiful ferns and mosses. There are many natural stairways where one can climb to the top of these rocks, which are comparatively level and covered with beautiful mosses of every shade from a deep green to almost white, making a beautiful carpet, from one to five inches in depth. One of the most attractive of these places, several acres in extent, is called by some Rock City, and another beautiful place is where there is a bold spring-brook, which takes its leap from the top of the bluff, and the spray always gives us a beautiful rainbow when the sun shines, and just one side of where the water pours over there is a gigantic, shelving rock standing out about 50 to 75 feet, making what we call a rock-house, and under which a whole regiment could encamp safe from wind and rain. Many camp fires have been built there, and no doubt many of our brave boys, both in blue and gray, have sheltered beneath this rock.

I would say to the numerous inquirers that, as my time would not allow me to write long letters when all I receive 10 to 20 letters daily, please to arrange your questions on paper having room for answers (not forgetting postage) and I will endeavor to answer to the best of my ability any questions of importance.

R. O. EVERETT,
Grayville, Rhea Co., Tenn., March 31.

Planting Corn.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

We all should be sure that we are right and then go ahead. This will work well in planting corn. Be sure you have corn that will grow before planting. Now would be a good time to test your seed corn, plant any number of grains you choose and see how many come up. By this method you can measure as many grains to drop in a hill. Do not plant when the ground is wet, for the corn will not grow if the soil is too moist. If you intend to plant in ground that is low and wet tile it immediately before planting.

Early planting is most generally the best according to weather and soil. If planted early and corn does not come up, you can replant and run the chances of raising a full crop. While on the other hand if you plant late and corn does not come up, you have missed the chance of raising a good crop. Planting by hand or drilling are both successful methods, only the former is the most practical and is more handy in keeping down the weeds. Do not plant more than you can take care of, and the better the ground is manured the better the crop. The cold Winter has killed considerable of corn standing out. Those that husked their seed corn in the Fall and placed it in a place of safety were wise. All farmers hereafter should follow out this wise plan, and there would be no trouble in securing a good stand of corn from first planting. In conclusion test your seed corn and make sure that it will grow before planting.—SCOTT SAVAGE, Quincy, O.

Sheep.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Will you oblige a subscriber by publishing the following questions? First, I have had several sheep die with grub in the head. I have given them tobacco, say one-half pound of tobacco to one-half gallon of water, and one-half ounce of turpentine. I put the mixture in their nostrils and hold their noses out straight so it would go into all the cavities of the head, but they get no better. I will give a description of their actions as it may be of benefit to some one. First, they stand apart from the rest and seem to have no desire to join the flock; second, they begin running at the head; third, they lose the use of their legs; can neither walk nor stand. They seem to have a good appetite; they also discharge at the nose and have a cough. If this meets the eye of any one that can tell me what to do, I give my name and address in full, so they can write direct to me, or to the BLADE, I will pay them for information. I wish more would write about care of sick sheep. If any one wants to know how the grub gets in the head I will tell next time I write. I would sooner my sheep would have the foot-rot than the grub. Another thing I noticed in the livers, in two places seemed to be stone; also small bunches along the small intestines, about the size of kernels of wheat. I bought the sheep last Fall, which accounts for their having the grub, as they did not receive proper care last Summer. If anyone wants to know anything about Dakota and I will write to my address, inclosing stamp. I will give all the advantages and the disadvantages of Southeastern Dakota. Hoping some one will see this and send me a cure, I will close. My address is

WM. W. DELAPP,
Watertown, Codington Co., D. T.

Washington Territory Cure for Sweeney.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

C. M. Hill wants a correspondent in Washington Territory, and if he will write to me I will furnish him all the information in my power. Some time ago a lady in the same columns asked about raising potatoes on sod land. Here in Washington Territory we break our sod in the Fall, harrow it in the Spring, roll it and plant. We plow the potato plants once or twice, then dig 250 bushels per acre, then sell them for 60 cents a bushel. All vegetables grow very large and are easily raised. Most kinds of fruit, as peaches, prunes, plums, cherries, grapes, apricots do well, as do watermelons. Sweet potatoes have been planted in a few localities, and grow so far as tried. We have plenty of land yet for settlers, and will welcome families to our part of the Territory.

I will give you a cure for sweeney that has never failed. Take a knife and cut through to the bone a hole large enough to insert two fingers; next insert a piece of silver, 25 or 50 cents; then you can go to working the animal as usual. Two of our horses have carried coins for several years, without inconvenience.—MRS. L. P. KRAEMER, Wainsburg, W. T.

Wheat and Chess.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I have noticed a good deal of talk in the BLADE about wheat turning to chess. Now I think that some of your correspondents on the subject have never raised much wheat, as I think that I can prove without a doubt that wheat will, and does, turn to chess. In the year 1849, while in Chicago, I found a new kind of White Flint Winter Wheat. I purchased five bushels and took it home with me to North Kingsville, Ashtabula County, Ohio. I cut up my corn and plowed the land, dragged it and sowed my wheat, dragging it well both ways.

My wheat came up as nice, and as good a stand on the ground, as I ever saw. It looked well in the Spring and when it came time to head-out there was not any wheat, but as nice a lot of chess as ever grew. If I had picked every head of wheat that grew on that five acres there would not have been one-half bushel of wheat in all. Now where did the chess come from? Surely the seed was not in the ground, as the ground had been in corn for three or four years in succession.

The above are facts that can be proven. Will some of those who disbelieve in wheat turning into chess explain the above?—D. M. MORLEY, Cartwright, Wis.

Two Questions.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I would like to ask Harry H. G., Toledo, O., the size of his lamp used in his barrel incubator. Do you have to moisten the eggs during the last few days of incubation, or will the evaporation of the water be all that is required?

I wish to ask some one who knows, if Fowler's solution of arsenic and tincture of gentian (equal parts) is a safe and certain cure for worms in horses?—F. C. Adams, Brookville, Kan.

Another Year of Ensilage.

From the experiences given at the recent "ens lage Congress" in New York, little, if any, additional knowledge upon this subject is to be gained. Abundant testimony was offered with regard to the ease with which fodder might be kept by this process, and the relish with which the ensilaged fodder was consumed by live stock, points which have not recently been disputed. Fewer claims for great yields of fodder and for its wonderfully increased feeding value when ensilaged, were made than formerly, while some absolute failures in the keeping of ensilage were reported, and several cases of death to animals from improper feeding of it. It was insisted that expensive silos were not essential, and good success was reported from the use of a silo made simply by enclosing a room in the barn by matched boards, no attempt being made to exclude frost.

The crops reported, where exact figures were given, ranged from 9 to 16½ tons per acre, and the cost of raising and storing this corn from $2 to $6.25 per ton. It is probable that there was some mistake about the lower figure named, and that the larger one included some extra expenses which should not be counted in the cost of an average crop. Several reports of costs ranging from $2 to $3.45 per ton, for the whole expense of raising and pitting the fodder, were made by persons who seem to have kept careful records.

One comparative experiment in the feeding of ensilage to fattening cattle was reported by Le Grand B. Cannon, of Burlington, Vt., in which 90 grade Short-horn cattle were separated into three lots, one of which was "treated as cattle are treated by the average New England farmer in the Winter," by being "turned into a barn with open sheds and fed with 20 pounds of chaffed hay and three pounds of grain each, per day;" a second lot was fed on the same amount of hay and one peck of mangels, being kept in stanchions; the remainder were also kept in stanchions and fed on eight cents worth of ensilage, with three pounds of grain. The second and third lots were sold at six cents per pound, in the Spring; the first lot brought only five cents. From this experiment the breeder deduced a gain in favor of ensilage of 51⅔ per cent. The impression is given that these were two-year-old or three-year-old cattle, in which case Cannon fed with wonderful success to have any growth whatever during Winter weather from "20 pounds of hay," plus either "three pounds of grain" or a "peck of mangels." To a practical feeder this experiment, with the data as given, is utterly worthless. There may have been other data not mentioned in the published report.

Several statements were made to the effect that the feeding of ensilage increased the yield of milk, and imparted to the butter its attractive Summer color, and this is an important point, if it can be fully substantiated.

The Congress closed with enthusiastic expressions of its belief in the success of ensilage: but those of us who have built no silos, and who are not manufacturers of ensilage machinery, would be glad of a little more light upon certain knotty points.—*Farm and Fireside.*

Breaking Steers.

The mode of breaking steers practiced in Kentucky is thus described: Where the establishment is a large one, and there are some to be broken in every year, the fixture and practice here recommended would seem to be eligible and judicious: "Get a strong post, eight feet long by two thick; plant it three and a half feet in the ground, well rammed; round or level the top of the post and leave a pin to it, or make a mortice and insert a strong two inch pin of tough wood in it, perpendicularly at the top, six or eight inches long. Then get a tough sapling 25 feet long; measure off at the small end of it the usual length of a yoke, and bore the holes for your bows. Then bore three holes, or more if you choose, four, eight and 12 feet from the other end of the sapling, of the size of the pin in the top of the post, giving the shortest lever first, draw your steers up, let them be yoke or cap, gentle or wild, it makes no difference; yoke them to be end of the pole; but instead of tying their tails together, if you wish to avoid bob-tail oxen, tie their loins together with a good rope, wrap up their head halters, clear the front, and let them go; round and round they will go with a rush; drunk—drunker, still they grow, until groaning, down they drop. For a while they lie panting and looking wild; then leap as if suddenly frightened, rush round and round again, grow drunk and drop again. Leave them, they will repeat the experiment, until, reeling, they will stop or stand. In a few hours you may lead them around by their halters. Uncouple them from the pole, or yoke them to your cart, and drive them where you please with safety.

How to Raise Early Celery.

Rev. August D. Mylius, of Detroit, Mich., says:

"I sow my seed in a hot bed on the 1st of March. The bed must be in good condition that the seed may germinate quickly; for celery seed takes 30 days generally, in open ground, to germinate. Seed must not be sown too thickly, as the plants should be stocky. I have tried to germinate the seeds by keeping them moist and warm before the 1st of March, but I found the above date safest, for, if sown earlier, there is danger of the celery running to seed. About the 15th to the 20th of May, if the ground is in order, and weather suits, plant out in ditches six inches deep on the richest spot you have. The only thing wanted to grow celery successfully is plenty of cow or hog manure, and moist land. The soil must be good down to at least 12 inches. About the 1st of July we commence to bank up, slowly, if dry: if moist, draw up as high as you can; if really dry weather, so that the soil is too dry to stick if drawn up to the plants, I use foot board 16 feet long, placed on each side against the celery, and sticks drove in to keep them in place. This mode breaches the celery best, but if soil be used the stocks or heads are a great deal heavier. I have kept celery in the following way, and kept it till Spring: Pitted in hot-bed the same as if pitted in the old fashion. After bed is filled, the sash is put on; give air once or twice a week; if so cold that boards are not sufficient, straw or mats can be put on. Looked after in this way, it can be kept till Spring."

A stand fell down with a crash,
A number of men it did mash,
But the entire ten
Were soon well again—
St. Jacobs Oil cured every gash.

A baker who lived in Duluth,
Went crazy one night with a tooth,
He rubbed the gum boil,
With St. Jacobs Oil,
It cured him, and this is the truth.

Rhode Island Has No Use for Sprague.

PROVIDENCE, April 4.—Returns from the State are nearly complete, and give Bourne (Rep.) about 2,300 majority over all, and about 3,000 plurality over Sprague (Dem.) The Assembly is at least 84 Republican out of 108 members.

The total vote of the State, according to Journal returns, is: Bourne, 13,101; Sprague, 10,236; Cutler, 707; scattering, 18. Bourne's majority, 2,140; Bourne's plurality over Sprague, 2,865. The Republican strength in the General Assembly is about as last year. The total vote of the State increased 8,529 over last year. The Republican vote increased 3,042.

TWO-THIRDS OF A BOTTLE CURES.

DR R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I have been taking your "Favorite Prescription" for "female weakness." Before I had taken it two days I began to feel stronger. I have taken but two-thirds of a bottle and believe I am cured.

Gratefully,
MRS. H. C. LOVETT, Watseka, Ill.

NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

Many people who have tried to throw light on the difficult subject of curing disease, have found that what they supposed to be light was nothing but darkness. Those who depended on them for information and relief have been, like the suffering woman mentioned in Scripture, who had spent her money in vain on many physicians, "nothing better, but only worse." This sort of experience is unpleasant for all concerned. When the sick are to be made well and the suffering to be healed, there should be no blundering about it. The common blunder of American invalids is that they think they must swallow great quantities of drugs, concerning which they know with certainty only one thing, namely, that the taste is horrible. There is another thing in connection with these drugs which is not so generally known, namely, that the liquid which carries most of them is bad whisky. Thus many an invalid goes from bad to worse, becoming a dyspeptic, a hypochondriac, a drunkard, and eventually a wreck. This is bad business, and they who follow it walk in the darkness to their own destruction.

It is better to walk in the light to recovery and HEALTH. The old Saxons spelt that word "*wholth*," and there is a good idea in the way they spelt it. True health is a state of *whole* soundness. When a man is sick, it is not only lung or stomach or brain that is out of order. The entire man is affected, and the trouble is most severely manifested in whatever happens to be his weakest part. When he completely recovers, he is well all over, and in a state of "*wholth*," which is just what everybody wants to enjoy. The blood is the life of human being. When it is poor and ailing, and clogged with impurities, there is no health. When it is properly vitalized, it courses through artery and vein, carrying to every part of the body the vigor and delight which springs from real health. The blood receives its vitality, or its promptings to decay, from what is taken into the lungs. It verily gets its substance from what goes into the stomach. But substance without vitality is not life. To see how that which is inhaled affects the life which is in the blood, look at the wretched sufferers who inhale poison. They take in sewer-gas, and the inevitable low typhus fever or quick diptheria seizes them. They inhale the bad air of undrained swamps, and presently shake and burn with chills and fever. They blow out the gas-light before going to bed, and devitalize themselves into untimely graves by taking into their lungs carbureted hydrogen. Now if all this mischief can be done by simply inhaling that which can neither be seen nor handled, it is time we should recognize the fact that, on the other hand, the inhailing of that which is life-giving can work corresponding benefit. The skeptical drug-swallowers, whose ideas of relief and cure are associated with the taking of nauseous things into their suffering stomachs, may not look on it in this light, but it is just as true as if they did. The facts are against them, and these speak louder than all their theories and objections. The sick can in the most pleasant and delightful manner inhale new life for lungs and blood, and consequently, for the "*wholth*" of the entire system.

"What!" says a suffering and weary invalid who has swallowed nearly all the drug nostrums that are compounded and sold, "You don't mean that I shall get well by just breathing something that I can't see, or handle, or take with a spoon?"

Yes, Mr. Suffering-and-Weary, that is exactly it. COMPOUND OXYGEN will do it, and all you have to do is simply to inhale the Compound Oxygen according to directions.

The lungs are the air-bellows of the body. They are continually opening and closing as air is inhaled or exhaled. They are made of a delicate, very strong substance much like leather. They are divided into thousands of little air-cells. When we inhale (or take in) a breath of air, we fill as many of these air-cells as are in working order. The air with which we fill them is composed of oxygen and nitrogen. What we send out when we exhale (or breathe out) the contents of the lungs, is nitrogen and carbonic acid gas. The latter is the impurities from the blood. The oxygen, coming in contact with the blood through the delicate tissue or membrane of the lungs, gives it its life. The heart is busy all day and all night pumping blood into the lungs and thence all through the circulation in every part of the body. In four minutes from the time a drop of blood has received its oxygen in the lungs, it has gone its round and is back again to discharge its load of carbon and other impurities, and to receive a new message of life in the vitalizing inspiration of the oxygen. In the COMPOUND OXYGEN treatment, the invalid is giving something to inhale which is different from mere atmospheric air. Oxygen by itself would not answer the purpose. It is sharp, severe and irritating, and in its uncombined state is not assimilable. Thousands of faithful trials have proved this. In the atmosphere we breath, there is but one part of oxygen to five of nitrogen. If there were too much nitrogen and not enough oxygen, we would soon die. COMPOUND OXYGEN purposes is a skillfully prepared revitalizing agent, which supplies through the lungs to the blood exactly what the blood needs for its restoration, and for the restoration or renewing of every part of the system on which its acts. It carries with it a magnetic property, reaching the nerve centres, which in their partnership with the brain, exercise a controlling influence on every part of the body, and telegraph to its remotest corner, either by sensations of pleasure or of pain, their condition of health or of ailment.

America's great disease is consumption. This is, to define it briefly, a wasting or decay of the lungs. The most remote air-cells first refuse to do their duty. Mischievous little tubercles invade the substance of the lungs producing inflammation and other unpleasant results. The lungs become flabby and poor, like a worn-out kid glove, and grow powerless to vitalize the blood. There has been a prevalent idea that consumption cannot be cured, because no drug has been found to act as a specific for it when taken through the stomach. But it is now a well-attested fact that consumption is really curable, provided only that it is taken in time. Even COMPOUND OXYGEN will not convert a worn-out old leather glove into a new one. But it will take hold of consumptive lungs, and by its searching invigorating action build them up to life and health. Its first action is to inflate air-cells which have long been uninflated and collapsed. Then, gently, but powerfully, stimulating the lungs to vigorous action, it enables them to throw off the tubercles and regain a condition of soundness. So many consumptives who had been booked for the grave have been cured by COMPOUND OXYGEN, that there is no reason why persons who are afflicted with lung troubles should feel gloomy about themselves, or regard their cases as at all hopeless, if taken in time.

As to other diseases than consumption? Is COMPOUND OXYGEN a cure-all?

It is not claimed for COMPOUND OXYGEN that it cures every disease that can afflict the sons of men. But there are a great many over which it has gained the most complete victory. Almost everything that goes wrong in the body is in some way or other connected with vitiated blood. In some cases those ailments are aggravated by local irritations, misplacements or difficulties which are hereditary. Exposure, overfeeding, improper ventilation, and the abuses of clothing, have much to do with them. Vitiated blood produces a lack of harmony among the nerves, and the horrors of neuralgia and sciatica are the result. It sends its messengers of evil to the region lying between mind and brain, and disgusting catarrh is enthroned in all the supremacy of its ugliness. It robs the stomach of its proper juices, and the victim becomes a dyspeptic, whose every meal is a burden of sorrow. It reminds the system of the injustice done it by distributing here and there the pangs of rheumatism and the tortures of gout. Sufferers with these maladies and the victims of exhausted nerve power and the diseases which follow on it, will find in COMPOUND OXYGEN the relief they need.

There are many medicines, an important feature of which is that they are kept on sale at every drug store. Not so with COMPOUND OXYGEN. It can be had only of its originators, DRS. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia. It is sent with full directions, so that all invalids can without trouble use it for themselves. The pamphlet entitled "*Treatise on Compound Oxygen*" contains much interesting information in regard to it, with the testimonials of many well-known persons, who, by its use, have been restored to health. This pamphlet is sent to any address on application.

Army of the Cumberland.

CHICAGO, April 4.—Gen. Sheridan has issued the following circular: "In view of the fact that the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition and the meeting of the Grand Commandery of Masons of the State of Ohio will be held at Cincinnati, on the date fixed for the meeting of the Grand Army of the Cumberland, September 19th and 20th, on recommendation of the local Executive Committee I hereby give notice that the meeting will be changed to October 24th and 25th."

Physicians, clergymen and scientists, unite in recommending Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

—The Howe Scales have all the latest improvements. It is true economy to buy the best. Borden, Selleck & Co., Agents, Chicago.

BADLY SCARED.

Johnny Bull in a Tremor--The Queen's Knee Forgotten.

Irish-American Conspirators Lurking in Every Nook and Corner of London.

Tons of Dynamite "on Tap," and American Money by the Cart Load.

The Prisoners Remanded for a Week, when "Important Revelations" Will be Made.

LONDON, April 5.—A semi-weekly news paper called the City Press, in an edition published yesterday evening, announced it had received a letter without signature, in which the writer threatens to blow up the Government offices. The affair was referred to the Police, and late last night, English detectives, assisted by members of the Irish secret service, succeeded in arresting a man who had in his possession a quantity of stuff supposed to be dynamite. The arrest caused a great sensation. Detectives had followed the prisoner from Manchester, as he appeared to be a suspicious character, and when the letter appeared he was at once arrested, being then in the vicinity of Fleet street. He is now at Bow Street Station to await the report of army officials at Woolwich, who are engaged in a chemical examination of the material. The police regard the arrest as a most important one. This is evidenced by the fact that since it was made, precautionary measures have been renewed. Especial attention is now being given to the protection of buildings in which are located offices of the Ministry and all public officials. Extra sentinels are placed at Windsor Castle and the postoffice. Policemen and detectives are keeping a close watch in suspicious localities.

BIRMINGHAM, April 5.—The City police made a raid upon a suspected locality in Ledsham street, Ladywood, and discovered a Fenian nitro-glycerine factory in full operation.

The apparatus for preparing and mixing explosive compounds is constructed on scientific principles, and with all cunning of the craft, which clearly showed its inventor to be not only a thorough scholar in chemistry and machinery, but also an adept for expedients for avoiding notoriety and preventing discovery.

Among the noteworthy features of the place was a shrewdly devised method for carrying the fumes up the chimney and consuming odors. It is learned that the premises in Ledsham street were taken two months ago by a man named Whitehead, an Irish-American, who had a sign hung out in front of the place indicating his business to be that of a paper hanger.

Whitehead himself was taken into custody when the police made a descent upon the den, and is now in close confinement. A considerable quantity of nitro-glycerine was seized by the officers at the same time. Information now in the hands of detectives tends to demonstrate that this place is the central manufactory of explosives and a most important depot for all infernal explosives in the kingdom.

Whitehead, who is described as a man 25 years of age, is of dark complexion and marked American accent. He has been in the habit of purchasing supplies of nitro-glycerine and acids which were necessary to run the business.

LONDON, April 5.—The Irish police here made two further arrests in the suburbs of Lambeth in connection with the man arrested last night. The latter is now said to be an American. Nearly half a ton of nitro-glycerine has been seized in London already.

There is renewed excitement in Government circles this afternoon, because of a report which comes from Newry, Ireland, where are situated large Government infantry barracks, that a sentinel standing guard over the powder magazine last night challenged a man who was discovered scaling the wall. The sentry fired a shot and gave the alarm. The search for the intruder was fruitless, but the guard was doubled and orders issued to take every precaution to prevent a surprise.

Extra precautions are being taken at Windsor Castle. It is even hinted the whole conspiracy here and in America will be exposed.

Whitehead's examination this afternoon at Birmingham developed nothing startling.

LONDON, April 5.—The exciting events of the day crowded each other so fast that their importance could scarcely be realized until the later hours of the night admitted a complete summing up. The surprises include the unearthing of the most important dynamite factory ever discovered, the arrest of ruin breeders in London and one in Birmingham, an attempt on the Government magazine in Ireland, the reception of incendiary letters in London and the discovery of an astounding and audacious scheme of the Nihilists to blow up the Czar's residence at Moscow. The excitement in Parliament is not confined to Government offices, but is apparent on the street to even the most casual observer. The postoffice and neighboring Government property is placed under increased guard, and the royal residence at Windsor is given a large force of sentinels, sent thither in a private manner. This precaution was necessary because the Government officers learned late last night that in connection with the discovery of the dynamite factory at Birmingham, some conspirators were already on the way to Windsor from Birmingham.

It is stated in official circles there are reasons to believe the whole incendiary and dynamitic conspiracy here and in America is now laid bare, and the number of arrests will shortly increase. The man first arrested last night near Fleet street had engaged rooms on the Southampton street corner of the Strand, giving the name of Brandon, and stating he was a medical student. Subsequent to he said his correct name was Norman. The first inquiry for the rooms was made by an elderly man. A box of explosives was taken to Norman's lodgings by a person of rakish appearance, who looked more like a tramp or street idler than a porter or friend of the student. It is believed this individual and the elderly men have been captured in the persons of two men arrested at Lambeth to-day.

One of the men had in his pockets and sewed up in his clothing a large sum of money, a portion of which was in American coins. A street rumor made free use of American names and connected many Irish Americans with the plots.

One of the Lambeth prisoners had secured lodgings in the name of Wilson. His movements, however, excited so much suspicion among his neighbors that he left his room yesterday, saying it was his intention to go to Wolverhampton. When he returned to-day he was surprised to find five detectives awaiting him. Norman unfortunately came direct from Birmingham. The place where he was stopping was just over the office where is printed a court circular. The proprietor of that publication recently received letters containing dire threats, the origin of which he has now no difficulty in tracing to the prisoner.

The fourth arrest of the day was Henry Dalton, taken in custody to-night. He came from the United States two weeks ago. He was found at the rooms of the American Exchange. He made no resistance. Dalton was confined in jail at the Scotland Yards.

There was no less sensation in the Commons when the arrests were announced than elsewhere. Sir William Harcourt, Home Secretary, in a brief speech outlining the facts, confirmed what had up to this time been merely a rumor, that Norman had been arrested. He added that 150 pounds of highly explosive liquid had been found in Norman's quarters, stored in skillfully devised rubber bags. He also confirmed the discovery of a dynamite factory in Birmingham, and gave particulars of the affair, substantially as related in these dispatches. He said further that a considerable amount of the same kind of explosive had been discovered in rooms on Lambeth street, and that part of the money on one of these men was in American bank notes; that there was a connection between the arrests at Birmingham and London, as shown by an incident just come to light.

The Home Secretary during the afternoon sent a dispatch to Birmingham asking the authorities to remand Whitehead for a week. The same action will be taken here under the same directions in the case of Norman. The Magistrate at Bow street waited until late in the afternoon for instructions in regard to Norman and his two Lambeth accomplices, and finally receiving a telegram from the Home Secretary, announced that no formal charge will be brought against the three prisoners to-day. They were accordingly remanded.

Whitehead paid $237 for one consignment of glycerine. Gallagher declares himself an American citizen. When arrested nearly £900 in English and American notes were found on him. He is 30 years old.

The rubber bags found in Norman's quarters contained nitro-glycerine in sufficient quantity to blow up any Town in the Kingdom. The police believe Norman was engaged in a plan to carry out the dynamite doctrines which are particularly fostered by O'Donovan Rossa. Henry Dalton is a man of short stature and pock-marked. He was an occasional caller at Bowle's American reading room, 14 Strand. His arrest was effected owing to information derived from papers found on other prisoners. It is believed by the authorities that Dalton is an emissary of the dynamite faction in America.

The man arrested with Wilson at Lambeth is named Gallagher. Papers found upon him prove his connection with Whitehead.

Woolwich authorities pronounce the compound found at Lambeth nitro-glycerine, and identical with that found in Norman's quarters. Gallagher's portmonnaie was packed with explosives.

BIRMINGHAM, April 5.—In accordance with the request of the Home Office, Whitehead was remanded for a week. The charge against him is having in his possession explosive compounds and materials in violation of law. At the examination evidence was given showing that police detectives had followed Norman, who was arrested in London, from Whitehead's house in this city. He took away from Whitehead's a box. Among other material seized at the paper hanger's were eight gallons of mysterious liquid in tins, some sulphuric acid and a quantity of nitro-glycerine. The prisoner, when arraigned, assumed an air of indifference, and also refused to answer questions.

LONDON, April 6.—The house in Nelson square at Lambeth, where Wilson and Gallagher, the dynamite fiends, arrested yesterday, has been placed under police surveillance. All persons entering are carefully scrutinized and notes taken of their personal appearance. The Police hope in this way they may secure evidence on which to base further arrests, as they are convinced that numerous accomplices of the men already in custody are at large. One of the evidences of this is the fact just made public that large sums of money at regular intervals have been deposited in the Bank of England to the credit of the men held in custody in Dublin jails for Phœnix Park and other murders. The authorities have made a vigorous search for the source of these deposits, but have not yet been able to discover it.

Henry Dalton, who was arrested yesterday, reached England, according to information obtained from police sources, some time in February. In appearance he was assuming and maintained a quiet, reserved demeanor. While loitering about Bowles's American reading room, he appeared to be more interested in English papers than American periodicals, and was especially concerned to get the latest news.

It is understood Norman's counsel will base the defense on the plea that he was an innocent agent, and was employed in the capacity of clerk for a limited time by a man from the United States, who is not yet arrested. It will be held that Norman was in entire ignorance that the box contained terrible explosives.

It is alleged by parties who claim to have some knowledge of Norman, that he is of respectable birth and education, and came to England expecting to find employment.

CHICAGO.

Democracy and Free Beer Too Much for Law and Order.

CHICAGO, April 3.—Elections were held here to-day for city and township officers and members of the City Council. There were but two general city tickets. One the straight Democrat, headed by Hon. Carter H. Harrison, the present incumbent, for Mayor, and the other by Judge Eugene Cary, joint candidate of the Republicans and Independent citizens on a platform of high license for saloons and stringent enforcement of the laws against the criminal classes. The campaign was characterized by an unusual amount of bitter personality. The day was bright and pleasant and a very large vote for a mere city election was polled.

By nine o'clock it became evident the entire Democratic City ticket was elected. The majority for Harrison grew with every return almost. At this hour, (11:15), returns from 146 precincts, over three-fourths of the city, gave Harrison 9,238 majority. The returns on other offices are very incomplete, and coming in slowly.

LATER.—The Republicans concede the election of the entire Democratic City ticket by 6,000 to 10,000 majority. The Democrats claim 12,000 to 14,000. This is a decided Democratic gain compared with the election last Fall, when it was practically a tie, the results depending upon the personal popularity of candidates, Hall Republicans and Half Republicans being elected. Two years ago Harrison was elected Mayor by 7,300 majority.

The ticket elected to-day is as follows: Carter H. Harrison, Mayor; John M. Dunphy, City Treasurer; Julius S. Grinnell, City Attorney; Jno. C. Neomester, City Clerk. The Council will be overwhelmingly Democratic. Of the 18 old members who hold over 15 are Democrats.

SCATTERING RETURNS

From April Elections—Grains of Comfort for All Parties.

DETROIT, April 3.—The latest returns from Monday's election do not change the result as telegraphed last night. About one-third the vote heard from indicate still that Chomplin, Democrat, and O'Brien, Republican, are elected Judges of the Supreme Court. The majorities of neither are likely to be large.

LEAVENWORTH, KS., April 3.—Dr. S. T. Neely, Democratic candidate for Mayor, was elected to-day by a larger majority than any Mayor for years.

EAUCLAIRE, Wis., April 3.—In the City elections W. F. Baily, Anti-Monopoly candidate for Mayor, was elected over Stephen Marston, Republican, by a majority of 1,585, in a total vote of 2,879. The result is a victory for loggers and workingmen over the lumber men, consisting of the principal manufacturers on the Chippewa and Mississippi Rivers.

DENVER, Col., April 3.—The complete returns indicate that ex-Gov. John L. Routt is elected Mayor, together with the whole Republican City ticket, with the probable exception of City Attorney. Routt was compelled to accept the nomination as the only man who could unite the Republican factions, and beat both oppositions. He received a majority over all.

ST. LOUIS, April 3.—In the election today for members of the Municipal Assembly Democrats elected five members to the Upper House and the Republicans one. To the Lower House the Democrats elected 15 and the Republicans 11. Two Independent Democrats were also elected. The vote was very light and scarcely any interest was manifested in the contest.

LINCOLN, Neb., April 3.—The Republican ticket was elected by 500 majority. The Republicans make a clean sweep of Councilmen and the School Board.

CINCINNATI, April 3.—To-night's newspapers have made two independent canvasses of returns, making material changes in the result as given earlier. They don't agree as to majorities, but unite in showing but three Republicans elected, namely, Eshelby, Comptroller; Caldwell, Prosecting Attorney of the Police Court, and Moore, Wharf Register. The Common Council on joint ballot will stand Democrats, 42; Republicans, 38. Official returns will be necessary to show majorities of the officers elected.

LITTLE ROCK, April 4.—The municipal election resulted in the election of a Democratic Mayor, Police Judge and Treasurer.

MADISON, April 4.—The Democrats elected the Mayor, City Treasurer, and every Alderman, Supervisor and Justice of the Peace in the city.

PROVIDENCE, April 3.—The excitement in the State election to-morrow has somewhat subsided, but a large vote is probable. The general feeling is the Republicans will elect their ticket by a reduced majority.

TOPEKA, Ks., April 4.—In the election yesterday, J. C. Wilson, Prohibitionist, was probably elected Mayor.

FT. SCOTT, Ks., April 4.—Col. A. B. Pearson was elected Mayor on the Citizens' ticket over Capt. W. R. Henry, Republican, by 26 majority. The Republicans elect the Police Judge, City Attorney, Treasurer, and three Councilmen.

IT SHOULD BE THE BUSINESS OF EVERY ONE HAVING A COLD to treat it promptly and properly until it is gotten rid of—intelligent experience fortunately presenting a curative in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, thoroughly adapted to remove speedily all Coughs and Colds—allay any exciting inflammation of the Throat or Lungs, and remove the distressing symptoms of Asthma or Pleurisy.

Massachusetts Legislature.

BOSTON, April 4.—The Senate ordered to a third reading—32 to 14—the bill providing for biennial elections of State officers and sessions of the Legislature. It has already passed the House.

The House—115 to 83—defeated the Constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor.

Business Change.

BOSTON, April 4.—Jordan, Marsh & Co., for 30 years one of the largest dry goods jobbing concerns in the country, retire from the wholesale business the 15th. The large building in Bedford and Kingston streets used as a wholesale house is abandoned. The firm will continue the retail business. No reasons are given for the action.

The Old Dominion Shocked.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., April 4.—B. C. O. Benjamin, a colored lawyer, has applied for and obtained a license to practice law at the Albemarle County Bar. He is the first colored man who ever applied for a license.

For Thick Heads.

Heavy stomachs, bilious condition, "Wells' May "Apple" Pills" anti-bilious, 10 and 25c.

JUDGE GRESHAM.

His Appointment as Postmaster General Unsolicited and Unexpected.

EVANSVILLE, April 4.—Judge Walter P. Gresham, who was appointed Postmaster General to-day, is here holding Court. In answer to a question whether he intended to accept the appointment or not he said he had just notified the President and Secretary of State he would accept, but his duties would detain him until Saturday of this week, and he could not reach Washington until the middle of the coming week. Judge Gresham said the appointment was unsolicited and entirely unexpected. He received notice of his appointment early this morning, the Secretary of State informing him his commission had been singed yesterday. The appointment will give very general satisfaction in this State, where Judge Gresham is honored and respected by every one, and stands at the very head of the judiciary. He is now in his office in the United States Custom House and Post Office receiving the congratulations of prominent people of both parties.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—Judge Gresham was born in Harrison County, Indiana, in 1832. He was educated in his native State, and after graduating at the Indiana State University, in Bloomington, he studied law and soon afterward began practice at Corydon, the county-seat of Harrison County. He was, from the first, successful as a lawyer, and took an active part in the politics of the State. Shortly before the outbreak of the late civil war he was elected Representative in the State Legislature, and in 1861 he was Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs. While occupying this position he co-operated so skillfully and energetically with Gov. Morton in organizing the State militia, and in raising and forwarding troops, that the latter, on the 18th of September, 1861, commissioned him Lieutenant Colonel of the 38th Regiment of Indiana Volunteers. On the 20th of March, 1862, he was promoted to be Colonel of the 53d Indiana, and on the 11th of August, 1863, to be Brigadier General of Volunteers. He participated in the siege of Corinth, the siege and capture of Vicksburg, and the siege of Jackson, and up to the 5th of January, 1864, commanded the 30th Brigade, Fourth Division of the 16th Army Corps. He was br

News of the Week

TELEGRAPH AND MAIL.

A treaty of commerce between Germany and Spain has been agreed upon.

At Schenectady, Young, Republican, was elected Mayor by 60 majority.

The Marquis of Lorne expresses a desire that his term be extended another year.

A hotel, a dry goods store, and three dwellings at Ledyard, Wis., were destroyed by fire yesterday.

At Moss Point, Miss., four other persons have died from the effects of the explosion yesterday, making 7.

In London, the race for the great North amptonshire stakes to day was won by S. Hanbury's Glenluce.

Delaware's Legislature has passed the bill increasing the representation of the various Counties in the Legislature.

Baron Werthiem, the wealthiest manufacturer in Austria, and celebrated as a fabricant of iron safes, is dead.

North Carolina follows Tennessee's lead in voting $75 a year to each of her maimed or disabled ex-Confederate soldiers.

The stables of Jesse Holbert, near Goshen, N. Y., burned. Forty-four valuable cows and two horses perished.

At Steubenville, O., Joseph Beatty, Jr., has been appointed Receiver of the Brilliant Glass Works. Liabilities, $27,000.

The outlook for the harvest in Great Britain is more favorable than it has been at any previous time the current year.

At Canton, O., Wm. B. Perkins & Co., book agents and newsdealers, have assigned. Liabilities, $10,000 to $20,000; assets, nominal.

The Pennsylvania House passed the Nicholson Congressional apportionment bill. It gives the Republicans 15 and the Democrats 15 Districts.

In a quarrel between Sergt. Willis (colored) and private Boyd, at Fort Hale, Dak., the former shot the latter with an army rifle, killing him instantly.

H. M. Tate and James J. Crow, workmen on a farm near Elliott, Tex., got into an altercation Friday, when Crow shot Tate, killing him instantly.

John Sparks, of Texas Ranger notoriety, had a difficulty with Benjamin Fuller, near Corsicana, Friday, about some cattle, and was shot and killed by him.

The President has appointed Lieut-Col. Anderson D. Nelson, U. S. A. (retired) Deputy Governor of the Soldiers' Home, vice Major Milton Cogswell, deceased.

Near Sherman, Tex., two farmers named Miller and Carpenter had a fight. Miller received three bullets and is likely to die. They fought twice before with knives.

Geo. W. Davids, who killed himself in New York, was acting Treasurer of the Board of Education at New Rochele, and had the custody of $30,000 of town funds.

A three-days' secret session of German Socialists has been held at Copenhagen. It was determined to oppose Bismarck's social program and to force the fight against capital.

At Baton Rouge, La., in an altercation between W. T. Sanders, a broker, and W. A. Leesner, publisher of the Capitalian Advocate, the latter was shot through the head and died in two hours.

The total receipts of the Ohio Penitentiary for the month of March were $21,256.19 and the expenditures $16,785.82. Expenses for gas, repairs and workshops, $1,961.15. The clearing for the month was $6,531.50.

A courier from Capt. Black's command is at Santa Fe, N. M., asking for supplies. The men are encamped at Alamolmeco, eight miles from Forsythe. The prospect is that the troops may encounter a marauding band from Sonora.

At a meeting of the Biennial Conclave Committee of Knights Templar at San Francisco, Wednesday night, the Committee on Hotels reported that there was every assurance that all visiting Knights will be properly accommodated.

E. N. Henry, of Cleveland, Ohio, operator on the western extension of the G., H. & S. A. Ry at Painted Cave, was drowned in the Rio Grande at the mouth of the Pecos. The body was not recovered on account of the swift current.

The retrial of the case of Hallett Kilbourn vs. John G. Thompson, for $100,000 damages for putting the former in prison by order of the House of Representatives when Thompson was Sergeant-at-Arms, is set for the latter part of this month.

Boston papers were sold by the following Associated Press dispatch dated Richford, Ky., April 8: "A cowboy named Young, named Osier, died from the effects of swallowing lead shots taken to cure boils. In swallowing them one was miscarried, and worked up into the brain, causing death.

Dr. Evans, a magnetic healer, who issued a card in the morning papers at Buffalo, claiming to have been blackmailed by a lady patient and an alleged detective, was arrested as a swindler and a fraud. The detective proved to be a genuine article.

It has been presumed that the wheat crop in Central Illinois has been utterly ruined by the heavy thawing and freezing, but an investigation made this week by prominent farmers shows that this is an error, and that not over 15 per cent. has been injured, and that has been done to wheat sown broadcast.

At the annual meeting, held in New York, of holders of Standard Oil Trust certificates, 4,050 votes, representing $4,050,000, were cast for the re-election, as Trustees, of Benjamin Brewster, John D. Archbold and Charles Pratt for the next three years.

The Sanitary Council of the Mississippi Valley, in session at Jackson, Miss., indorsed the National Board of Health, and voted to ask the President to place $100,000 of the Epidemic Fund in the hands of the Board for disbursement in case its use is demanded.

The Governor of South Carolina absolutely refuses to call a special session of the State Legislature for the purpose of making an appropriation for the defense of persons charged with violating United States election laws, stating that in his opinion such action would be unwise.

The President has decided to suspend the action in the case of Judge Conger, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Montana, until the charges against him have been fully investigated. Judge Conger is a brother of Sen. Conger, and the President's action is the result of his intervension.

Patrick Tasafe, a faithful employe of Peter Cooper, when he heard of the philanthropist's death, said that he was heartbroken, and that he had lost his best friend. On the following morning he was found dead in his chair. Tasafe was 45 years old and unmarried. He had been 20 years in the employ of Peter Cooper.

Barney Dow and daughter were murdered at West Union, Doddridge County, W. Va., by robbers. He was known to have kept money in his house. The second daughter was left for dead with a poker and left for dead, but recovered and told the story of the crime. James Hooper and son were arrested and placed in jail.

In the suburbs of Eldorado, Union County, Ark., Saturday afternoon, a white girl aged 8, daughter of Col. J. H. Askew, deceased, was ravished by a colored boy, Albert Williams. He was identified by the girl, and in the Magistrate's office confessed. While going to jail a mob of citizens seized Williams and hung him from a tree.

Quite a number of families of French Canadian families, repatriated from the industrial center in Massachusetts, have arrived at Winnipeg, Man., in charge of Rev. Father Molo, parish priest of the Turtle Mountain district, and go South by the Canada Pacific Railway en route to their destination. Their families follow in Autumn.

Chester Prison, Ills., four convicts attempted to escape. Wm. McCormick, serving a five years' sentence for violation of the postal laws, was shot through the upper part of the right leg; James Rogers, in for the same offense, was shot in the shoulder. Another was shot and slightly wounded. All were speedily captured and placed in solitary confinement. The tumult lasted 10 minutes.

The suit of the Government against the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad for $40,000 and interest, being five per cent. of the internal revenue tax on the surplus earnings of the road for three years prior to 1867, has been decided in the United States District Court at Philadelphia, Pa., in favor of the defendants, Pres. Gowen having produced a receipt from the agent of the Government for the money in controversy.

Gov. Foster has respited John W. Jackson, of Jackson County, found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hanged next Friday, until May 1. This is done to give his friends an opportunity to present a petition for commutation of sentence to imprisonment for life in the penitentiary. It is claimed that the testimony did not warrant the prisoner being found guilty of murder in the first degree.

The Hawaiian government has made application to the treasury Department for the coinage of its money at the mints of the United States. Under the act of Congress approved January 29, 1874, it is made lawful for coinage to be executed at United States mints for foreign countries, and it is possible that all of the coinage for the Hawaiian government will be executed at the San Francisco Mint.

B. W. Raymond, third Mayor of Chicago, is dead.

Twenty business houses in Kentland, Ind., burned; loss, $100,000.

At Port Jervis, N. Y., Daniel Van Ney and wife were killed by a team.

The death is announced of Lieut. John H. Coale, Second Cavalry, after a long illness.

Rev. Dr. Alfred H. Partridge, for 27 years Rector of Christ Church, Brooklyn, is dead.

Rains have fallen in various portions of California, and crop prospects are much improved.

Tewfik Bey, formerly Minister to France, has been appointed Turkish Minister to Washington.

J. M. Morton, proprietor of the Morton House, Broadway and Union Square, New York, is dead.

Philadelphia painters accept a compromise at the rate of $2.75 per day and will go to work.

At Reading, Pa., the striking iron workers accept the reduction of wages. The mills will resume on Tuesday.

At Philadelphia Carver and Bogardus each shot at 100 clay pigeons. Score—Carver, 89; Bogardus, 95.

A Democratic journal published at Quincy nominates Carter H. Harrison for Governor of Illinois.

The weekly statement of the Bank of France shows a decrease of 1,850,000 francs gold, and 500,000 francs silver.

At Iquique, Peru, on March 10, about 1,000 buildings were destroyed by fire, the loss aggregating $10,000,000.

San Francisco hotels refuse to make contracts for entertaining Knights Templar, and say "first-come first served."

The hatters of Orange, New Jersey, have struck against the employment of a man who taught convicts hat making.

Ex-Sen. Ferry is about to sail for Europe. He will be absent a year. He will be accompanied by his sister and nephew.

The vote in Milwaukee for Judge of the Municipal Court resulted in the re-election of James A. Mallory by 850 majority.

The railroad switchman at Cairo have stopped work on account of a reduction in their wages from $60 to $55 per month.

Sam Randall and some of the politicians of New York are reported to be actively grooming Tilden for the next Presidential contest.

Within the space of three months there have been 105 illicit distilleries seized by officers of the Government in the Atlanta district.

Peter Carey, a brother of James Carey, has followed the example of the latter and turned Queen's evidence in the Phœnix Park conspiracy case.

The wrestling match between Joe Acton and Tom Connors for $1,000 was won by Acton in two straight throws. About 2,000 people were present.

A 9 year-old boy in Macon, Ga., while playing with an old gun, killed his grandmother, Mrs. Wheeler, and wounded Mrs. Allen and her baby.

By a ruling of Judge Hord, in Shelbyville, a large proportion of the County officials of Indiana are required to furnish their own stationery.

It is anticipated that much fraud will result under the new tariff law, owing to the provision repealing package and inland transportation charges.

Joyce, Secretary of the New York Council of the Fenian Brotherhood, asserts that there are over 200 dynamite and nitro-glycerine factories in England.

Alexander Williams, colored, arrested for outraging a negro girl, Lena Moses, living on Deer Creek, Miss., was taken out of jail and hanged by a mob.

The ex-Rev. W. H. H. Murray, formerly of Boston, has taken his departure from San Antonio, having accumulated $130,000 in debts, and being accompanied by a lady friend.

Akadee Bigot, who killed Harriet Kenault in August, 1880, at New York, and was declared insane, has been returned to the Tombs to await trial, her reason being restored.

The present Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad were re-elected, receiving the votes of 554,799 shares against 12,414 for Edward I. Parker, the independent candidate.

About 100 purchasers of tickets for the Nilsson concert, in Buffalo abandoned bringing suit for damages against Manager Abbey on ascertaining the position of Nilsson in the affair.

The bricklayers' strike in Chicago has thrown more than 6,000 men out of work, and the number will be greatly increased by the stopping of work in other trades, if the strike is protracted.

A bill prohibiting political committees or members thereof assessing or collecting contributions from public officials for political purposes passed the third reading in the Pennsylvania House.

The ex-Rev. W. H. H. Murray, who was reported the other day to have left San Antonio, Texas, heavily in debt, has arrived at New York to attend a lawsuit in which he is concerned. He denies the story alluded to.

The Cincinnati Trades Assembly will petition the Government to furnish free transportation to China to the unemployed Chinese of the Pacific Coast. The Assembly has secured Druid Hall for a meeting place.

A meeting of the Blackmore heirs, who claim a vast amount of property, including the ground upon which the White House and Government buildings in Washington stand, was held in Pittsburg and an organization effected.

Max Bruch, the famous German composer and organizer and leader of the male chorus, will arrive on the steamer Fallia, April 11. His coming is regarded as an event of much importance in the musical world, this being his first visit to America.

The Common Council of Aurora, Ill., passed an ordinance fixing retail and wholesale liquor license at $500, druggists' license at $50, and the license of traveling auctioneers so high as to be virtually prohibitory on that class of persons.

The indictment of ex-Sen. Kellogg on the testimony of Mail Contractor Price hangs fire, the grand jury of the District of Columbia refusing to sign the presentment drawn up by Attorney Ker because its statements did not correspond entirely with the evidence.

Stanley Huntley, who is well-known through his sketches of the domestic life of Mr. Spoopendyke, has been very sick. He has recovered sufficiently to go to Northern Montana, where he will remain for a few weeks. After his return he will sail for Europe to recuperate.

John Heng, publisher of the Irish World, was acquitted of the charge of wilfully opening letters addressed to P. J. Sheridan. He denied that he was in the service of the British Government. The defendant claimed that the letters were opened by mistake.

The Griswold mills, at Darby, Pa., employed children under 13 years of age. James McGahey, a weaver, called the attention of the authorities to the matter, and 25 children were dismissed from the mill. In retaliation the operatives of the mill boycott the store and relatives of McGahey.

The Treasury Department has 3,000,000 stamped envelopes and postal cards called for by postmasters' requisitions received at the Postoffice Department Wednesday are as follows: Stamps, 28,000,000; envelopes, 1,000,000; postal cards, 2,000,000; aggregate value, $700,000. These orders exceed in the aggregate any ever before received in one day.

Chicago bankers, in view of the action of the Secretary of the Treasury in refusing to exchange gold certificates held by them for other denominations at the sub-Treasury there, have decided to send all their certificates to New York for exchange into gold, and for the future have nothing to do with such certificates.

Thursday Phillip Reisenhover, aged 18, carrier of the horse-back mail between Hope and Lewisville, in southwest Arkansas, was stabbed and robbed of the mail bag of three registered letters, containing $16. At Little Rock he pleaded guilty, and on account of his youth was given the lowest term in the Detroit prison, one year and one day.

It is estimated by persons thoroughly familiar with the subject, that under the new law reducing letter postage and regulating the pay of Postmasters, the receipts of not more than one office in every four on a general average will be in excess of Postmasters' salaries. Under existing law, it is said all Postoffices, however insignificant, contribute at least two fifths of their receipts to the Government.

Circulars have been received at the police headquarters in the principal cities of the United States, offering a reward of £1,000 for the apprehension of any of the persons concerned in the attempt to blow up the Government offices in London and the Times office. The circular promises the recommendation of Her Majesty's most gracious pardon, in addition to the payment of the reward, to any accomplice giving information, who was not the actual perpetrator of either outrage.

S. F. Sheldon, one of the oldest telegraphers in the country has been appointed Superintendent of telegraph lines on the Missouri Pacific Railroad in place of Miller Bullard, lately deceased. Mr. Sheldon had over 20 years' experience in telegraphing and railroading. He was Division Superintendent on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas a few years ago. He held responsible positions on other roads, and been connected with the Missouri Pacific ever since it passed into the hands of Mr. Gould.

FENIAN PLOTS

To Blow Up London—The Excitement on the Increase—English Papers Connect O'Donovan Rossa With the Plots.

LONDON, April 6.—The dynamite prisoners were arraigned in Bow street to-day and charged with having in their possession, with felonious intent, explosive materials. Detectives gave a full history of their chase after Norman and gave a number of points which, in their opinion, pointed to his guilt and to the intimate relations between him and other prisoners.

It transpired that the name of the man who Norman alleges engaged him is Fletcher. Detectives deposed that upon Norman's person was found a telegram signed Fletcher. At the conclusion of the testimony, all were remanded without bail, although their counsel strongly urged bail be allowed.

Interest in the nitro-glycerine discovery continues to grow and the excitement is intense. Papers are making the most of their opportunity, and selling frequent editions with headings, "A Plot to Blow Up London!" The contents of the editorials and local news seek to connect the arrest of the four dynamite prisoners with the advice given by O'Donovan Rossa to Irishmen to burn up everything English except their coal.

The stock of explosives discovered by the police at Whitehand's manufactory in Birmingham, have been examined by the Government Inspector, who reports he found, among other articles for the destruction of life and property, 170 pounds of nitro-glycerine.

The Government have already taken action looking to an amendment of the law in regard to the possession of explosives. Sir William Harcourt, Home Secretary, announced this afternoon in the Commons that on Monday next he will introduce a bill to that effect, and will ask the House to facilitate the passage of the bill in order to secure its speedy enactment. The announcement of the Government's intention to deal with the matter was received with cheers by the House.

THE GREAT TRIAL

Of the Alleged Phœnix Park Murderers—The Prisoners Arraigned, Jury Sworn and Counsel Assigned.

DUBLIN, April 9.—The Court House, where the trial of the Phœnix Park assassins is to take place, is besieged this morning by by crowds anxious to gain admission. The authorities, however, only admitted the jurors called in the case and 50 reporters, and they were let into the building at an early hour.

Judge O'Brien, who is to hear the case, took his seat on the bench at 11:15 o'clock, when the work of swearing in the Grand Jury was proceeded with. The prisoners—Brady, Kelly, Delaney, Caffrey, Curley and Fitzharris—were brought to the Court House at 9 o'clock, and were escorted by a whole troop of dragoons.

The counsel and solicitors for the prisoners, who appeared for them at the examination in Kilmainham Court House, were present. Judge O'Brien addressed the special jurors. He said the Crown would allege that Lord Frederick Cavendish's murder was no part of the crime as concocted, but that he was a victim to his presence in the park with Burke; nevertheless, all present at the time of the murders were responsible therefor.

The Grand Jury then retired. It is selected from a special panel drawn from both the City and County of Dublin. There were very few claims for exemption from service. The Grand Jury soon returned to the court room with a true bill against Joe Brady, charging him with the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Burke. Brady was arraigned at the bar and pleaded not guilty. Application was then made for a postponement of the trial, as preparations for it were not complete. Counsel for the Crown opposed any longer postponement than till to-morrow.

McCune, Brady's solicitor, said that A. M. Sullivan would act for Brady if time were allowed him to get ready.

Judge O'Brien said the case must proceed to-morrow. If Sullivan was not ready to take it in hand he (Judge O'Brien) would appoint some other person to act for Brady. The case was further considered, the result being that the trial of Brady was set for to-morrow, and Dr. Webb Adams assigned by the Court to defend the prisoner.

Curley, Kelly, Thomas Caffrey and Fitzharris were next each arranged separately. Each pleaded not guilty. All were held for trial.

CROP REPORTS.

The Ohio Board of Agriculture Takes a Gloomy View of the Situation.

COLUMBUS, April 8.—The report of the Ohio Board of Agriculture, based on returns from over 700 townships, gives the following percentages compered with April 1, 1882: Wheat, 63; old wheat in producers' hands, 38; old corn in producers' hands, 32; rye, condition, 69; barley, 66; clover, 89; clover acreage, 109.

Condition of cows, 103; horses, 103; cattle, 100; sheep, 100; spring lambs, 95; stock hogs, 101; spring pigs, 93. Number of cows, 90; cattle, 93; horses, 85; sheep, 91; stock hogs, 84. The fine condition of live stock is due, in part, to a fine hay crop and fair corn crop in 1882.

The wheat outlook is the most gloomy for eight years in Ohio. The severe cold weather with the bare ground killed the tops of the surface in January and February. Warm rains and good weather till May may improve the condition up to 90 per cent. Bad weather will send it below 50 per cent.

Official telegrams receipt April 7 from other States give the following percentage for the condition of Winter wheat, compared with the same time last year: Indiana, 72; Illinois, 68; Kansas, 61; Kentucky, about 70; Michigan, 75; Wisconsin, about 75; California, about 65; Minnesota Spring wheat, probable acreage, 98. Reduced to bushels, the loss in these eight States will be 96,000,000 bushels, or 30 per cent., and they gave 281,000,000, or the 240,000,000 bushels raised in the United States last year.

NEAL AND CRAFT.

Reopening of the Kentucky Sensation —Alleged Confession of a Negro Now in Jail in West Virginia.

LEXINGTON, Ky., April 7.—A press reporter received an intimation last night that Ellis Craft had received a letter in yesterday's mail from his brother in Ashland, stating that a negro injail at Charleston, W. Va., had confessed that he and another negro had murdered Emma Thomas and the Gibson children.

Thinking this was perhaps a mistake, the reporter went to the jail to investigate, and was given the original letter to Craft, which he now has in his possession, and from which he made the following startling extract, after taking the liberty of correcting Mr. Craft's orthography and English:

"Ellis, what I am going to say is the fact; they have got a negro in jail in Charleston, W. Va., who has told enough to clear you and Neal, and as soon as they get the other one it will be published all over the world. Brother Tilman and Mr. Burns went and saw the negro in jail themselves, and the Governor of Virginia made a big speech in your favor. I will get the speech and send it to you in my next letter. Keep in good heart. I think you and Neal will be free again."

We give this for what it is worth. Craft's brother really wrote it to him, and it does not seem unreasonable that he would have made up the story, as it is so easy to ascertain whether it is false or not, and could not operate in Craft's favor at all if false.

Treasury Statement.

WASHINGTON, April 7.—The statement of the United States Treasury shows gold, silver and United States notes in the Treasury to-day, as follows:

Gold coin and bullion	$183,033,147
Silver dollars and bullion	107,560,901
Fractional silver coin	27,883,078
United States notes	43,788,070
Total	$362,265,357
Certificates outstanding—gold	43,506,800
Silver	71,071,411
Currency	9,130,000

$100,000 Fire at Shelbyville, Tenn.

NASHVILLE, April 7.—At 2 o'clock this morning fire broke out in a saloon in Shelbyville, and destroyed the houses of J. P. Ingle, John Hanson, grocer, the building of the Western Union Telegraph, Claiborne's barber shop and the house of Sam. Taylor. Crossing the street, the flames destroyed the house of T. W. Buchanan & Son, drug store of T. J. Roane & Co., and the Masonic Hall. The loss is estimated at $100,000; insurance about $50,000.

Bad Break in the Levee.

NEW ORLEANS, April 7.—During the storm this morning, a break occurred in the levee just below the Texas & Pacific depot at Gouldsboro, nearly opposite the head of Louisiana Avenue. The break is 150 feet wide, and seven deep. The wind during the storm drove the water over the levees opposite the city in many places.

Funeral of Peter Cooper.

NEW YORK, April 7.—There is a general display of flags at half mast throughout the city in honor of the memory of Peter Cooper, whose funeral took place to-day. The funeral was largely attended.

ANOTHER SCARE.

Ottawa Excited Over an Attempt to Blow Up the Parliament Buildings.

OTTAWA, April 10.—Notwithstanding the positive assurance of Supt. Sherwood, of the Dominion police, that the reported explosion in Eastern block was a canard, Detective Hodgkins and four Toronto policemen, who have been brought here to-day, inspected the underground passage of the Parliament building, and have been granted permits to enter not only the building, but Rideau Hall at all hours of the day and night. Although the fact is not generally known, considerable uneasiness is manifested among members. The night watch furnished by the Dublin police has been doubled, and every precaution is being taken to prevent the possibility of evil-disposed persons creating trouble. Detective Hodgkins had an interview with Col. De Winton in reference to some suspicious circumstances which took place in Rideau Hall recently. It is said the return of Princess Louise will be delayed on this account.

CRUSHED.

Fall of a Building at Rochester—Seven Persons Reported Killed and Several Injured.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 10.—At 7:10 this morning the large building on the northwest corner of Church and State streets fell with a crash. The side wall facing Church street had been erected this Winter. It is supposed the mortar was frozen, and the warm weather of yesterday loosened the bricks and caused the fall. There were 17 men at work in the building. An alarm was sounded, which brought out the firemen and police, who are working hard clearing away the debris.

The names of those found in the ruins are R. L. Worden, Wm. Ashford, Fredk Kobler, S. Burr, W. G. Gould, R. L. Brown, Ransom Porter, Anthony Dankelspeel and Matthew Beard, the latter dead.

Two of the others are fatally injured.

The owner of the building was on the roof at the time it fell, and was severely injured. Those in the basement are probably killed.

Important Decision of the Supreme Court Regarding National Banks.

WASSHINGTON, April 10.—A decision was rendered by the United States Supreme Court to-day in the case of the Cook County National Bank, of Chicago, against the United States. The principal question in controversy was whether the bank, being insolvent, the claim of the United States for money deposited by the Postmaster of Chicago is a preferred claim or not. This Court holds that the provisions of the National Bank act, section 5,236 Revised Statutes, have the effect of withdrawing National Banks which have failed from the class of insolvent persons out of whose estates the demands of the United States are to be paid in preference to claims of other creditors. The claims of the United States, therefore, against an insolvent National Bank are not entitled to priority of payment out of its assets. The Court also answers in the negative, the question whether the United States have the right to claim payment of their demand of surplus monies remaining in the Treasury of bonds deposited as security for circulating notes of the bank. The Court holds that bonds so deposited constitute a trust fund, and the trustee cannot set off again funds held by him in that character for his individual demand against the grantor of the trust. The decree of the Circuit Court is reversed, and the cause remanded, with directions to sustain the demurrer and dismiss the bill.

The Augustinian Society will Retire from Business.

BOSTON, April 8.—It was announced today in the Roman Catholic church of Lawrence that the Augustinian Society would file a petition of insolvency with the intention of abandoning all efforts to reduce the indebtedness to depositors in the Augustinian Savings Institution by collection. Rev. E. G. Every, governor of the Augustinian Order, stated that this course was taken because attachments on the church property would not be removed and it was desired by the society that all creditors share alike. There are now 22 attachments aggregating $60,000 indebtedness and 703 depositors, $455,000, with which the mortgages make the total liabilities $567,000. The society claims assets of $470,000, which consist of four churches and a parsonage and school building. If the property is sold by order of Court the depositors will realize scarcely five per cent. Rev. McEvery says the creditors will be paid in full, though it will take many years for final settlement. The society's appeal for aid did not meet with a generous response.

The Color Line in the Methodist Church.

BOSTON, April 9.—In the Methodist Conference Rev. Dr. Fox reported for the Freedman's Society, denouncing the introduction of the color line in the churches and schools South, and protesting against sending contributions from the New England Conference to those who would separate whites from blacks. He urged the adoption of a resolution asking the General Conference to abolish any Conference boundaries which set apart churches for colored people.

Rev. Mr. Vaughan, Presiding Elder of the Virginia Conference, said while he was in sympathy with the Christian spirit opposing caste in churches, he believed it was not advisable to force the issue.

The resolution was finally amended to read: "We deprecate any tendency in our church, by whomsoever and wherever manifested, to succumb before the baleful and anti-Scriptural spirit of caste."

Reunion of the Army of the Potomac.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—The Grand Army of the Republic of the Department of Maryland and Washington has decided to participate in the annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, to be held here May 16 and 17, and has tendered the Society an escort upon the occasion of its parade, which has been accepted.

A letter was received to-night by Gen. Humphreys from the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad Company, offering to carry members of the Society from Cincinnati and Lexington to Washington and return for $16, and from Louisville and return for $19.50, which is one-half the regular rates in both cases. It is expected other roads leading to the Capital will offer similar reductions.

A Tornado in Arkansas.

LITTLE ROCK, April 6.—There was a severe wind, rain and hail storm in central and Southwestern Arkansas Thursday night, doing considerable damage to buildings and fences, and blowing down many trees along the line of the Hot Springs & Malvern Railroad. A cyclone developed, and the fury of the wind lifted a passenger coach from the track and sent it down an embankment. Several persons were bruised but none seriously. Two buildings were blown down at Alexander section, on the Iron Mountain Railroad, and the effects of the storm were visible as far as Benton.

Sale of Indian Lands in Kansas and Nebraska.

WASHINGTON, April 10.—The Interior Department will order the immediate sale of Otoe Indian lands in Kansas and Nebraska, notwithstanding the House of Representatives neglected to pass the Senate bill which was decided necessary to complete the sale. The appraisers have finished the task, and value the lands at from $4 to $10 per acre. Sec. Teller is satisfied he can protect all interests, and the sale will be made about May 1st.

The New Tariff.

WASHINGTON, April 10.—The Treasury Department to-day made a ruling that the provisions of the new tariff act amending section 2510 of the revised statutes took effect from the date of the passage of the act. This section of the revised statutes, as amended by the new tariff act, provides for the free importation of ship building material to be used in the construction of vessels built in the United States for foreign account.

Experimental Farm.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—The Department of Agriculture will shortly establish near this city an experimental farm and hospital for the treatment of domestic animals, with a view to ascertaining by a series of careful scientific experiments what are the causes of such diseases as todas fever, pleuro pneumonia, etc., and what are the best methods of preventing or curing them. The experiment will be under the direction of Dr. D. E. Salmon, of Asheville, N. C., a specialist who has been for some time engaged in such investigations.

People Will Patronize Swindlers.

GALENA, Ill., April 7.—P. H. Burch, advertising himself as the Union Manufacturing Company, of this city, and recently posted as a swindler by the postoffice authorities, has disappeared. It is estimated he succeeded in swindling innocent people, mostly Swedes, by promising to send articles through the mails, to the extent of $35,000. Since the public exposure 300 money orders and registered letters were returned to the senders.

GLEANINGS FROM THE MAILS.

EAST WINN, ME., Feb 9, 1883.

Allison Bros.: I have used your soap and find it far ahead of anything I have ever used. It is a very nice soap for the hands and it is a very nice soap for the price.
Respectfully, MRS. E. P. MALLETT.

MEDFIELD, MASS., Feb. 9, 1883.

Allison Bros.: We have used "Death on Dirt" four weeks and find it all you claim. The clothes were never washed so easily and never looked better. Yours truly,
GEORGE H. PRATT.

Packard's Home School for Epileptics and Imbeciles. Superintendent's Office.

BINGHAMPTON, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1883.

Allison Bros.: The trial bar of "Death on Dirt" soap has been used according to directions. Our Washings were done in less than half the time, and with half the labor, than with any soap we have ever used, and the clothes when ironed never looked better.

As a labor saver, nothing has been introduced into our laundry equal to it. We prefer it to all others for a flesh soap.
C. M. PACKARD.

TEMPLETON, MASS., Feb. 7, 1883.

Allison Bros.: After using your soap "Death on Dirt," I can recommend it as the best I have ever used; have used Dobbins Electric soap for two years which I thought the best, but I consider "Death on Dirt" much superior.
Respectfully,
MRS. C. H. MAY.

WOLFBOROUGH, N. H., Feb. 8, 1883.

Allison Bros.: Your "Death on Dirt" soap has been tried and found to be all you claim for it—decidedly the best thing out for washing purposes or for any other purpose where dirt is to be removed.
Respectfully,
R. B. KING.

FOXCROFT, ME., Feb. 10, 1883.

Allison Bros.: I am the happy possessor of a box of your wonderful soap "Death on Dirt" at last, have given it another trial and with the most satisfactory results; our clothes could not look nicer and we can do our washing in half the time.
S. E. JACKSON.

OXFORD, NEB., Jan. 17, 1883.

Dear Sirs: Wife is pleased with the soap, despite its uncouth name, thinks it saves boiling, rubbing, and therefore saves the clothes. Yours truly,
S. N. GROUT.

CUSTER, DAK., Jan 7, 1883.

Allison Bros.: The sample you sent me was received, and I am glad to say I was very much pleased with it.
D. R. ATKINS.

OMAHA, NEB., Feb. 13, 1883.

Allison Bros.: The soap was received, and I can not speak too highly of it. It really is a wonder, and I shall never be without it if I can possibly get it. I have spoken of it to all my friends, and persuaded them to send for a sample and be convinced of the great work the soap does.
MRS. C. H. KLOPP.

The BLADE has tested "Death on Dirt" Soap thoroughly and found it to be a great labor and time saver, and perfectly harmless, in fact fully up to the claims of the manufacturers.—[ED.

HOTEL HORROR.

Fall of a Three Story Hotel at Greenville, Texas. Followed by Fire—Twelve Inmates Crushed and Cremated.

GALVESTON, April 8.—The News' Greenville special says: The most horrible calamity ever known in Texas took place this morning. End's Hotel, a three-story brick, fell with a terrible crash. Shrieks and cries from the inmates crushed in the ruins quickly followed. Fire broke out and spread rapidly, and soon the flames hushed all the cries.

The following were killed and burned: Mrs. Pruett, proprietress, whose pleadings from the ruins melted the strongest hearts; George Pruett, her crippled son, who died pleading for relief; Louis Albert, burned alive; F. D. N. Reilly, contractor, crushed; Frank West, crushed; R. R. Neal, Miss Louise Davis, J. E. Ford, Wm. Hide; also four negro servants. The above were buried in the ruins beyond aid, some being killed instantly, others cremated.

The following inmates escaped: W. D. Pruett, badly mangled; Dr. Turner, probably fatally crushed; M. G. Marsh, bruised slightly. The injured are D. C. Bell, E. N. Denton, T. Victores, Lewis Morris, Chas. Browell, Perry Cox, W. T. McClure, Fred Ende, wife and two daughters and servant.

Dr. Turner was beneath the timbers until they burned in twain, releasing him. Denton would have killed himself, but the second falling of the walls crushed him. One dug out his shovel when he found the flames consuming him. A relief train from Sheridan made a mile a minute.

The cause of the calamity is uncertain. It is thought an explosion of powder in a hardware store blew out the west walls, causing the entire building to fall. The adjoining buildings destroyed. Loss not known yet. Business houses all closed.

The building was erected within the past year and had been for some time considered unsafe, the walls being very light.

Betty and the Baby.

WASHINGTON, April 8.—An evening paper publishes the following letter from the wife of Serg't Mason:

I have read in your paper the very strange steps taken by J. G. Bigelow, and his effort to get at my money which good, kind, and generous people gave me for the benefit of myself and dear little baby. I have never employed Bigelow to attend any business for me, and he has never rendered me any service, either, and I want the public to know this. He pretends to have done so much for my husband, but I never employed him, and I have no money for Bigelow, and I hope the Court will throw aside his unjust claim. My poor husband is still in prison, and Mr. Bigelow should be ashamed to try to take from me the money given to me and my child for our support. Bigelow has never done any good for my husband, and he cannot have any of the money with my consent. Respectfully,
BETTY E. MASON.

Fatal Boiler Explosion.

NEWBERNE, N. C., April 6—A boiler exploded in the factory of George Bishop last evening. Engineer Abram Brown and fireman Frank Bennett were killed. The house of Isaish Wood, 100 yards distant, was destroyed and Mrs. Wood fatally injured.

The Best Fertilizer for Corn.

The corn crop of the United States is a very important element of the Natural wealth. How may we improve it and increase it? If he is a public benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before—he is still greater who can produce two ears of corn where there was but one before. It is not only a question of quantity but of quality. The best corn does not come from the sections where the most is raised necessarily. Probably the best corn is raised in Kentucky and in some parts of Ohio and Pennsylvania. In fact the best corn requires just the same kind of soil as the best wheat. When Pennsylvania farmers run out of corn and are compelled to buy Western corn they can always notice the difference on their horses and cattle. Ground Raw Limestone will produce better and sweeter corn than any other fertilizer. A farmer says: "The Ground Raw Limestone I applied to corn on the poorest ground on my farm, putting two or three tablespoonsful to the hill before dropping the corn. I left part of the field without, and where the ground Raw Limestone was used was 25 per cent. the best." The machine for grinding limestone is very simple and durable, and can be used for grinding coarse feed, corn cobs and dry bones. Address Totten & Co., 107 Railroad street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Commercial Drummers.

There seems to be a move on foot among a number of merchants to try and dispense with the services of these hard working and faithful employes, and go back to the old fashioned way of selling goods, but it cannot succeed, for the drummers controlling their customers control the trade. Many of the fraternity have drawn large prizes in the lotteries, and as their opportunity for observing the workings of the lotteries is great, they are unanimously of the opinion that the Commonwealth Distribution Co., is the fairest in the world and that the great drawing which takes place in Louisville, Ky., April 30th, offers an unprecedented chance to win a fortune for a small outlay. Capital prize, $50,000. Tickets only $2 each. Address your orders to R. M. Boardman, Louisville, Ky.

"HOUSEKEEPERS" READ

and be convinced, by testimony of those who know from actual trial, that the greatest saver of **time, labor, health,** fuel, unwholesome steam, and bad odors, ever offered to you is now to be had almost for the asking—"DEATH ON DIRT" soap. These letters are all from your co-laborers from all over this vast country, full name and address is given and you can write to them, or better yet, you can test it yourself by sending 10 cents to the

Manufacturers, MESSRS. ALLISON BROS., Middletown, Conn.,

if your grocer does not keep it. It might almost be called the

"EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD,"

it has so many qualities long desired by housekeepers. **Read all the Testimonials** and see how almost without number are the points in which it far excels anything of its kind, points that make the hardest and most troublesome of your trials to almost vanish.

NEWPORT, N. H., Feb. 7, 1883.

Allison Bros.: I have used your soap "Death on Dirt" and find it true to its name, not only cleansing and making the clothes beautifully white, but making them much easier to iron, which last virtue was not claimed for it. I can heartily recommend it to all.
MRS. R. P. CLAGGETT.

The New York *Examiner* says: We know this soap to be exactly as represented, we have tested it.

NAPOLI, N. H., Feb. 10, 1883.

Allison Bros: Thanks for the soap, I like it very much, my clothes were very nice with half the labor of hot water washing, and flannels softer than I ever found them, when washed in any other way. It truly is perfectly harmless, especially to the hands, I would not wish for anything better. M. E. WILDER.

The Portland, Me., *Transcript* endores "Death on Dirt" unqualifiedly, saying they had tested it and found it to be everything that is claimed.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 11, 1883.

Allison Bros.: I have used your soap according to directions, and find it all that is represented. None better, and I can recommend it to all who wish to make washing easy.
Respectfully,
MRS. JOHN MILLER.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS., Feb. 12, 1883.

Allison Bros.: I received your cake of soap "Death on Dirt," like it very much. It is a labor saving as well as time saving soap.
E. A. ALLIS.

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